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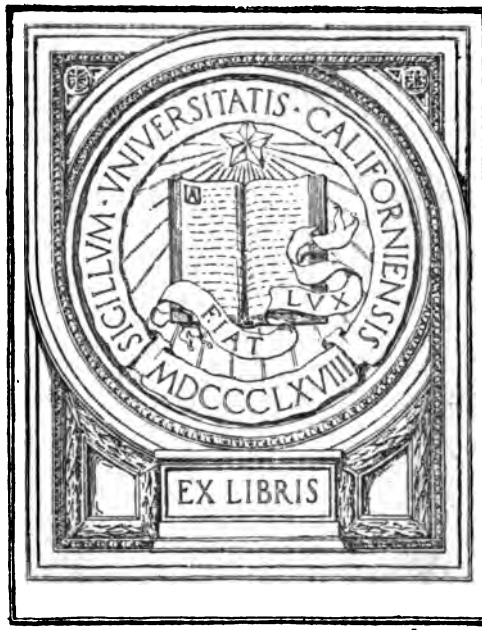

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To

George Adams

from

Wm S Forbes

Inverness

24th December 1826

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY

IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

DAVID ANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF THE SCOTTISH VILLAGE; SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, A TRAGEDY, &c. &c.

ABERDEEN:

PRINTED AT THE STAR OFFICE, FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY W. ROBERTSON, BOOKSELLER, BROAD-STREET.

1826.

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SIR CHARLES FORBES, M.P

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

SINCE my last publication of Scots Poems in 1812 (actuated by the spirit of patriotism), I have paid my addresses to Melpomone, in purpose to dramatize some of the most heroic actions and untimely ends of the most illustrious kings and captains of antiquity of my native land, and other striking events recorded in Scottish story, worthy of the tragic muse; therefore I gave the martial achievements of Sir William Wallace, as a first essay of this arduous undertaking, to the public some years ago, which proved a complete failure, owing (according to the partial opinion of my friends) to its enormous length, and number of scenes and characters, which rendered it unfit for theatrical representation. * * * * * * * * * *

Notwithstanding my mortification at the failure of my first attempt, I "strung the lyre again," and in my leisure hours composed *King Robert Bruce*, or the battle of Bannockburn, and another historical five act play (pursuant to my plan), and pecuniary circumstances (a fate peculiar to poets) imperiously urged me to publish one of them, so I resolved upon Bruce; but many of my friends, and among those several literary gentlemen, to whom I communicated my intentions, who had previously perused some of the following pieces, advised me to publish a collection of my Scots poems rather, assuring me that

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they would prove a far more profitable speculation than a play, and insinuated they would please; and few, they observed, would care for a play, unless it were acted either in Edinburgh or London with eclat; and even some of our modern Macenases, the booksellers, a class of men not very apt to flatter authors, were of the same opinion.

I was staggered at their suggestions, and astonished how a few hasty home-spun effusions, written as relaxations from severer studies, as occasion called, should be better received in this enlightened age by Scotsmen, than the noblest of our national subjects intended to meet the public eye.

After long hesitation, and sounding those on the subject whom I was sure would support me, I found them almost universally of one mind in favour of my poems, so I reluctantly yielded to their wishes. If their reception by the public accord not with the anticipation of my friends, what I have already here advanced in their defence I hope will extenuate my intrusion.

I conclude with returning my sincere thanks to my Subscribers, in enabling me, this sixth time, to appear in print before the public to meet its award,—an encouragement, I am proud to say, unprecedented, bestowed on any illiterate pretender to the poetical character like me in this part of the empire.

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CONTENTS.

THE Twa Burghs, a Poem, ... 1
The Battle of the Beasts, an Allegorical Heroic Poem, 11
Holy John's Prayer, ... 19
The L—d's Answer to Holy John, ... 23
Epistle to Arth—re W—tt, Excise Officer, on his seizing Illicit Stills and Smuggled Malt on Sunday, ... 25
Epistle to A. W—bst—r, Esq. Advocate, ... 27
Ode to Anthony, Earl of Kintore, on his Home Fair, 31
Ode to Mrs Major Forbes of Inveranan, on her leaving Thainston, ... 33
Elegy on the Death of Lady Kintore, ... 35
Elegy on the Death of A. R., M.D. who died in the West Indies, October 1818, ... 37
Sawney Fraser, a Tale, ... 40
Ode on the Death of Lord Byron, ... 52
Donald and Red Beard, a Tale. 57
Ode on the Auld Year, ... 64
Epistle to W. M. on Drunkenness, ... 67
A Letter of Thanks to T. B. who gave the Author a New Bellows, ... 77
Stanzas on a Drunken Tinkler 79
Eulogy on the late Reverend Doctor Keith, ... 81
Stanzas on the Death of J. P. Writing-Master in Aberdeen, ... 83
Address of Congratulation to his Majesty, King George IV. on the Royal Visit to Scotland, August 1822, 85
Address of Congratulation to James Earl of Fife, on the Successful Issue of his late Process, ... 88

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Epistle to a Dun, who threatened the Author with Imprisonment, ... 90
The Farmer's Sunday, a Poem, ... 94
The Five Carlins, an Election Ballad, ... 107
Humble Address to Lord Cochrane, &c. 111

SONGS.

When Edward the despot did Baliol dethrone, ... 115
When first our forefathers arrived in this isle, ... 116
At summer eve aften, I wander alone, ... 118
What beauties do adorn my dear, ... 119

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POEMS.

THE TWA BRUGHS:

A POEM.

'Twas in that season o' the aged year,
When wither'd are the hills, an' feedles bare;
An' brown the forests, an' ilk grassy lea
Is peicket to the earth an' growin' grey;
An' birds o' passage our cauld clime ha'e flown;
An' the guid-man o' ilka great farm town
Gi'es fetes, because the crap's i'the yard an' theekit,
And in the stibble rigg the plough is streekit;
Wi' hound and horn, abroad the hunter hies,
An' Phœbus feebly sheds his slanting rays,
An' aft carreering colour'd clouds eclipse
His orb, and leaves bestrew the yird in heaps,
An' flee like flags when weaving braed they fa'
The heralds o' a hurricane o snaw;
An' bleak an' hollow win's blaw loud an' chill,

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An' aften brings a skirl o' skyting hail,
Whilk does p' surly savage winter smell.
An' here an' there at night a moor burn blazes
Like the full moon when in the east she rises,
In marshes an' in mosses meteors flare,
A' stream incessant thro' the somb'rous air.—
Ae night a bardie about witching time,
Frae Ardies nae langsyne was saunterin' hame,
An' wi' the carle's Glenlivet fine in tune,
An' till himsel' an auld Scots sang did croon;
An' while the solemn scene around he viewed,
It threw him in a contemplative mood,
An' slack'd his pace—he stoppit at a stile
Awee aboon the auld kirk o' Kinkell.
Fair Cynthia half extinguished shone serene
Amidst her sparkling planetery train,
That did bespangle all the blue expanse;
An' Don an' Ury's gentle streams did glance
Like mirrors 'neath her show'ring silv'ry beams;
An' a' was silent save the owlet's screams,
An' dogs that bay'd the moon like critic curs,
That bark at some bright bard in fame that tours.
While he with rapture earth an' sky beheld,
An aerial being's voice his ears assail'd,
That near i'th' air anent him he descry'd,
An' o'er the Brugh o' Inrury does preside;
An' thus its neebour to abusing fell,
That in its hearing hovered o'er the dale
Whare Don does glide, an' has dominion o'er
The auld bit rotten Borough o' Kintore.

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INRURY.

The deil confoun' ye for a doitit fooll,
Will you for ever like a stane-blin' mole
Howk i' the earth, an' never heed the times,
When politicians now are framin' schemes
To lib'rate us, an' likewise mak' us thrive,
An' cock our bonnets wi' the best belive;
An' rise in population and in trade,
And spruce appear, an' look like town's indeed,
An' no like country clachans as we do,
A shame unto the name we bear, I vow.
For noble Hamilton an' Maister Hume
In our behalf hae forward nobly come,
An in St Stephen's Ha' these patriot chaps
Shak' bauldly i' the Tories' teeth their craps;
An' Pady Castlereagh wi' pith they bang,
An' gar him cower wi' a' his venal gang
O' pensioners an' placemen that surroun' him,
An' echoes what he says aye—fye upon 'em.
An' ilka borough town save you alone
Within the realm o' ancient Caledon,
Their hocus-pocus magistrates exposes,
An' publicly devulges their abuses,
Whilk these vile self-elected juntos have
Been guilty o', at what their burghers grieve,
An' for redress petition Parliament;
An' mind ye see the lave are no ahint,
An' legal steps an' manly means are takin,
To get their rulers o' their ain electin'.

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An' hinder them frae wastin' o' their gear,
Whilk they hae done I wat this mony year
Without controul, on dinners an' on drink,
An' brought their boroughs to bankruptcy's brink
So it is time to send these drones adrift,
An' put in honest sober men wha'll study thrift.

KINTORE.

In sooth I'll wait a while until I see
How ye succeed before I seek to jee;
An' gin ye get what ye are ettlin' at,
I'll get the same in course there's little doubt.
But faith I fear that you or ony brugh
In Scotland will succeed, for a' the sough
That ye are haudin', for ye brawly ken
The borough system's part o' the machine
O' government itsel'. However gross
An' glarin' things appear, it is nae use
To bark about reforming them, unless
First a reform in Parliament tak' place.
Our peerage has the boroughs at command,
And do ye think that they will condescend
Either for equity or justice's sake,
So great a sacrifice ye gowk to make.
When half their influence in the Commons' House,
An' eke the power to serve their friends they'd loose.
Fox, Sheridan, an' Burke for mony a' year
Our system to reform did struggle sair,
But failed ye ken, although they were the best
Of orators that e'er St Stephen's qorum grac'd;

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Sae it is daftness to kick up a dust
About the gross abuses that exist
In our burgh system, whan they winna men',
We only gie oursels unnecessary pain.

INRURY.

In faith ye reason realy like an ass:
Look at the success lately o' Monross,
Wha wi' a patriotic spirit bold,
Fired by her wrangs first steppit forth and told
The grievances she bore to parliament,
Wha readily gave ear to her complaint,
An' soon amended them, so will it ours,
As they beyond comparison are worse
Than hers, whilk sure will make the senate stare,
Whan they're a' redd up and stated there;
An' Hume, that champion o' the Whigs, will do't,
When his Herculean shouther he's set to it;
Wi' Cocker and the Ready Reckoner armed,
Corruption awfully at him 's alarmed,
Wha's done mair good already by his figures
In shawin' what gear is gaen to gentle beggars,
Whilk unto us were hidden in the dark,
Than ever Sheridan, or Fox, or Burke,
Wi' a' their figurative fine spun speeches,
Achiev'd when they harangued against the states'
horse leeches.

KINTORE.

Indeed Monross hath done us meikle harm,

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An' dashed the door i' our face now o' reform,
Wha was nae sooner frae her shackles freed
Than Hume, the Tories' fellest scourge and dread,
To be her representative elected,
An Mitchell wi' contempt an' scorn rejected,
That Torie tool wham Castlereagh did use
His art an' influence wi' her to choose;
Ah' a' the evils under whilk ye groan,
Wha's echoes do assail the very throne,
And rend St Stephen's wa's, ye had the wyte,
And twined the cords yoursel' wi' whilk your tiet.
Ye sent to Banff an brought her bailies down,
And for twa puir Ensignsies sell't your town,
And now you're raisin a hubbub about
Gettin' these carles wi' foul disgrace turned out;
An' yet for a' you're ire at them, I kenna
What injury o' ony kind they've done you.
For they may pray and fear nae evil neither;
"The deevil tak' them that hae maist o' ither."
An what you're ettlin' at altho' ye had,
A pole election sure wad put ye mad,
For 'tis proverbial that the fouk o' Inrury
Are aye engaged in some infernal hurry,
An' ane anither aye like cankert curs they worry.

INRURY.

An' the guid quiet creatures o' Kintore,
A bye-word for puir simple bodies are;
An' that by nature they're half dead an' alive,
An' ignorant's the animals they drive,

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An' clanish as the curious fisher fouk,
An' on a new income as stinkin' look
As gentry do on beggar wives an' brats
Wi' bulziements wha do besiege their gates;
An' haud aloof frae them for twa three year,
An' animosity towards them bear,
As bigot papist hae at protestants,
Or those sour self imaginary saunts,
Seceders ca't, at those o' th' establish'd kirk,
Or cattle at an unco cow, a steer, or stirk.
An't 'tis a sayin' in the country yet,
That when your magistracy a' were met
In council, and it happen'd anes a year
At th' election, an' your provost was a peer,
In's presence they stock still like statues sat
When he a proposition to them put,
The creatures a' exclaim'd wi ae accord,
"What ever is your will is ours my lord."
An' idiots did evince themselves in auld,
Whan for a barrel o' goud they greed ly sauld
The rights o' a' the duties upon wine
Imported frae Bourdeaux to Aberdeen
To the said town, an sadly were they grieved
When a wee barrel boxie they received
About the bigness o' a bairn's yule toy,
And were rewarded right for sic a ploy;
And even a wig an' weather cock they say
Your royal charter an records did buy;
And now my lord without even askin' leave
Compels his tenants wi' the plough to rive

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Farms o' your freedom in whilk o'm are rented,
And eke extensive forests on it planted,
And yet ye calmly seem to rest contented.
As for the fouk o' Banff to use th' auld saw,
"Ye might hae let that flee stick to the wa',"
As well as me ye weleom'd them fu' kin',
And ranted wi' them and scuff'd aff their wine,
And wad hae done as I did hadna death
Ere th' election stepit in and stap't the breath
O' twa or three o' the Banff partizans,
Whilk frustrated your political plans,
And then my lord sprang in and hank'd you feet and
han's.

KINTORE.

And what is your fouk's lear? I'd like to ken,
For gin they hae mair wit and lear than mine,
It's only a smatterin' o' pettifeggin,
A craft indeed ye hae nae cause to brag on,
A science taught by satan to deceive,
Whilk they're aye studyin', because they live
In eternal enmity wi' ane anither;
The very turnin' o' a straw or feather
Sets them to loggerheads, and syne they flee
Unto the law, and haggle wi't till they
Are wearied or their pany siller's done,
And end in general where they began.
But mine I wot wi' ther seldom wrangle,
Nor are they to inclines I own new fangle,
Until acquainted wi' their character,

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Whilk shows I ween they wise and wary are,
But let some limmer or land-louper loun
Wi' braw claise on tak' lodgings i' your town,
Ilk uppish upstart in it's sure to hae
Them at their hallans to dinner and tea,
And gang to them and gi'e them goids on trust,
And lend them trifles o' siller—at the last
They aften hae a moonlight flittin' ta'en,
And thus the bitch to clip your bits o' knabry gi'en,
Which sair'd them as they shou'd been.—In a word,
It's just a nest for ilka unclean bird,
For bankrupts, beggars, vagabonds, and thieves,
Wi' open arms it harbours and receives,
And kindlier these cattle do caress,
Than those wha hae been born an' bred i' the place,
And lived reputable in't a' their days.

As for th' encroachments in my freedom made,
I ha'e a-bound'ry left baith wide and braid,
Where I do fouth o' feul in it fin',
And flocks can keep on't gin I had a min';
But yours is sae curtail'd wi' selling feus
You'll not get stanes upon't to big a house,
Nor divots either to hap barn or byre,
And hardly a shurral even to rest a fire;
And yet you're o'er the lugs in debt for't a',
And nought in lieu o' it ha'e ye to shaw.
To travellers passin' thro' ye 'tis a joke
To see your braw town house without a clock;
And at your market cross huge standin' pools,

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And ditches deep, and stinkin' middin holes,
Disgraceful and disgustin' to be seen,
And dangerous in dark winter nights I ween.
And I declare too several o' your bailies
Some years sinsyne were queer and fashious fellows,
And wham they wanted aye to raise the wind
Fouk hurlin' on their carts they took and fined,
An' frae the council ha' to the changehouse
They straught did hie and had a hearty bouse,
And forged ale sellers licences for drink,
For which their heads should been put i'the mink;
And burghers made o' fouk for twa three gills
And pounds o' apples—these were worthy chiels
Wha had o' your brugh lang the rulin' power,
And some o' these carles are amang the core
And loudest in their censures that do storm
And roar and rave about a radical reform.

Now chanticleer did clap his wings and craw,
Whilk gart the angry sp'rits haud their ill jaw;
An' in an instant through th' unclouded air
In different directions disappear.
An' syne the bard did tak' the road an' travel
Wi' hasty steps hame to his ain auld reeky hovel.

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THE

BATTLE OF THE BEASTS:

AN ALLEGORICAL HEROIC POEM.

In th' orient, upon a time,
By envy roused an' hate,
The wild beasts of that torrid clime,
Beleagured raging met.

To beard the lion in his den,
An' to destruction down
The monster bring, because I ween
He terrible was grown.

The tyger was the first, they say,
Wha did his fae appear,—
Wi' haggard looks, he forth did fly,
An' made the lion glare.

The Mandral, an' great Gibbon grim,
Likeways the Lynx who were,
Fired at the tiger's furious flame,
His fortune flew to share.

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A nab's twa dogs, that roam'd unchained,
  Th' insurection did descry,
Upon their master lap, an' fawn'd
  For leave to join the fray.

The nabob, with emotion keen,
  Did at a glance perceive
Their drift,—the coil to gang an' join
  He gladly ga'e them leave.

An' aid th' insurgent herd inclined,
  The lion to o'erthrow;
For that he mony day had pined
  These servile creatures knew.

They shook their lugs, and bark'd for joy,
  An' cock'd their tails, an' syne
As hard as ever they cou'd hie
  Set aff unto the den.

The ta'en a lang lug'd beagle was,
  Of the famed Spartan kind,—
Crook-kneed, bell moued,—as Shakspeare says,—
  An' for the chase well train'd;

The tother was a cunning tyke,
  An' o' the tarrier race;
Was fit t' assail a bumbee byke,
  Cats, moudie-worts, or mice.

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The panther, leopard, an' the ownce,
  Did after them carees,
To aid them, while their eyes did glance,
  Indignant felon ine.

The manticore, wi' many teeth,
  Ran curlin's scorpion tail;
An' the huge hypopotamus, with
  The scaly crocodile.

The big buffalo, an' wild boar,
  Did urge their route wi' rage,
The depredator to devour,
  Their vengeance to assuage.

The horn'd rhinoceros eke hied
  Amongst them, to confront
The shaggy king—hard was his hide,
  As iron or adamant.

The untameable hyena too,
  Wha'd lang the lion hated,
Up gallop'd, gruntin' like a sow,
  To get his malice sated.

Surly as Cerberus, that guards
  Th' ad'mant gates o' hell,
As aul' historians an' bards
  In fabled story tell.

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A great sized bull-dog, an' a bold,
  Came gasping them among;
In reden'd ire his eye-balls rolled,
  An' foam'd an' loll'd his tongue.

The serpent too, that subtile beast,
  On's belly to the broil
Crawl'd, hissing with erected crest,
  An' swing'd his forket tail.

An' forward flew, wi' venom chock'd,
  A vicious tiger-cat:
Each muscle in his face contrac'd,
  An' rais'd its birse an' spat.

An' reynard, wha's well kent for wyles,
  Enter'd the hostile list;
An' th' elephant too, wha excels
  In wisdom ilka beast;

And the cameleon, who can
  Change colours when he chooses,
Is station'd in the central van,
  An' keen their cause espouses.

To aid the leagured host, like wind
  The nimble grey-hound ran;
Docile as ony o' his kind,
  Ne'er kent to snarl or fawn.

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Neist came a mastive, large an' stout,
  An' daringly did frown,
Wi' the fierce beast to ha'e a bout,
  An' help to hunt him down.

Apes, monkies, an' baboons in scores
  Did frisk about the den;
Some walk'd erect—some on all-fours,
  They chatter'd an' did grin.

The lion eyed wi' indignant ire
  The allied hostile train,
An' lash'd his sides, an's een flash'd fire,
  An' shook his shaggy mane.

The terrifying tremendous roars
  The royal animal rais't,
Muster'd a formidable force,
  His highness to assist.

The jackal an' the fumort fell,
  First ran an' round him rally'd;
The growling bear, wha trees can speel,
  Out to the onset sallied.

A hungry wolf, wi' aspect grim,
  An' greedy as the grave,
Ferocious did forward feem
  The battle bold to brave;

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An' eke twa strong ourang-outangs
  Stalk'd wi' gigantic strides,
Arm'd wi' enormous oaken rungs,
  To tan the insurgents' hides.

Th' urus, along wi' this brave band
  Of royalists, sought the field,
An' in his route he spurn'd the ground
  In rage, an' roar'd and squill'd.

Reluctant cam' the porcupine,
  Arm'd wi' his quills erect,
Sharp as a sheaf o' arrows keen,
  An' shoots them when provok'd.

Twa great jokoos grew terrify'd
  At leaguing 'gainst the lion,
Desert'd frae the rebels' side,
  An' did the royalists join.

The lion's fate a Nabob touch'd,
  (An emblem true o' Timon
Th' Athenian) some dogs dispatch'd
  To aid him, wha ran feemin'.

The first a furious blood-hound was,
  As ony o' his kind;
Wi' nose acute, an' for the chase
  Was whan a whalpie train'd;

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The tother was a sleekit tyke,
  Docile and finely bred;
For 's services a great respect
  His master for him paid:

An' monie a monkey an' baboon
  Upon the lion's side,
In that affray, as well as on
  Th' insurgent's, were array'd.

Like the barb'rous exhibitions that
  Rome witnessed in yore,
A semblance o' those scenes, I wot,
  The field now truly bore.

With unsheath'd claws, an' open jaws,
  Wi' growling an' wi' roaring,
These savage crews o' bestial foes
  Each other fell devouring.

The woods an' rocks, afar around,
  Resounded wi' their noise;
An' rutted was the gory ground,
  An' rent th' azure skies.

Th' Indian hordes, th' uproar who heard,
  Flew to their fires in fright;
The beasts that brouzed the field were fear'd,
  An' fled wi' main an' might;

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An' hungry vultures hover'd o'er
  The sanguinary scene,
In clouds, like craws in quest o' gore,
  An' Phœbus face did screen.

The rumour o' this war assail'd
  Th' ears o' the great Mogul,
So he to arms, an' horse soon call'd
  His hunting forces all;

An' sent them to th' ensanguin'd field,
  Which soon they did surround,
Whereby both parties were compell'd
  In peace to quit the ground.

Sore bitten, an' half out o' breath,
  They surly sneak'd away:
To lakes an' brooks, their lowing drowth,
  They limped to allay.

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HOLY JOHN'S PRAYER.

O L—d wha inhabiteth — —
O hear thy servant's earnest call;
Thou ever kind an' merciful
To them that seek thee,
But hate them wi' thy heart an' soul
That don't respect thee.
But, L—d, to me thou'st been a kind,
Munificent, ne'er failing friend,
For thy blest bounties that are rain'd
On mine an' me:
I'm bound adoringly to bend
My knee to thee.
Thou'st gi'en me monie a dainty bit—
As mickle's I cou'd pouch or eat—
O' a' kin kin'—loaf, cakes, an' freet,
Beef, fish, an' foul;
An' L—d I've aften tint my feet
By thy strong bowl.
After thy feasts I've been sae fu',
As sick's a tyke, an' like to spue;
An' wearied as a burs'n sow
I've laid me down;
An' like a clever bowden'd cow
Pech't o' the groun'.

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An', L—d, thro' thy most gracious grace,
I've been the puch'lest in this place,
For corn, an' kine, an' brindal brass,
I'se ha'e fared;
That I, good L—d, appear nae less
Than a cock laird.
But, 'tis far yont my thought or speech
The foot-stool o' thy worth to reach,
But L—d, O L—d, thee I beseech,
In fervent prayer,
Mine an' thine enemies to bleech
Wi' ruthless ire.
So stretch forth thy strong arm o' pow'r,
Against the bodies o' ———;
Wi' heavy rents, L—d press them sore,
Or them exile,
Out o' thy int'rest ever more
For dool to tell.
Wi' the B——— bailies they're conniven',
An' ilka ook wi' them are driven,
In carriages an' fetes receivin'
Frae that auld sly
Insinuating crew, wha're strivin'
Their brugh to buy.
That ye will reap nae benefit,
In aidin' ony till a seat,
Henceforth amang the men o' state,
An' aye or no,
To say's the premier thinks fit
To bid them do;

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An' by their suffrage to gain
A pension post or place, or then
An' office to a needy frien'
Aneath the crown;
L—d bauk them i' their black design,
An' them confoun'.
An' me, for canker they deride,
Inquisitivity and pride;
An' likewise 'cause I dinna bide
At hame a day
My flock to tent, nor guard nor guide
Frae ga'n astray;
An' they've establish'd Sunday schools,
Taught by wild fanatics an' fools,
Wha ha's flung by their shuttles an' awls,
L—d, an' turn'd preachers;
An' arrogant, unread, earth moles,
Aid them as teachers.
These ign'rant itin'rants they extol,
To hear them buff an' nonsense bawl
Extempore, an' drone an' drawl
For hours on en',
Whilk does my very heart an' soul
Fill wi' chagrin.
An' I don't preach, but read they say,
Dull lectures on morality;
An' that I'd need a locker strae
My part to keep;
An' gar them hing their heads awry,
An' yawn an' sleep.

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They eke insinuate, I never
Can alter ae word o' my prayer;
An' hunders have't by heart, as clear
As th' A. B, C;
An' when I say't, they gowp an' stare
About them aye.
An' pour doun thy indignant fury
On the d—d vermine o' ——,
Wha lang thro' devilish spite did war ye
Wi' politics;
O that they were driven in a hurry
Straught to aul' nick's.
A poor proud pack I true they be,
An' 'mang themsel's can never gree;
An' L—d, they've turn'd their backs on thee,
An' sel't their borough.
Eternally, L—d, may they dree
For't dool an' sorrow;
But, L—d, may I enjoy still
Thy favour, an' be welcome till
Thy well-stored board my wame to fill,
An' swig thy wine,
An' I to praise thee ever will,
Amen! amen!

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THE L—D'S ANSWER
TO HOLY JOHN.

My trusty servan', holy John,
The wale o' saints that e'er put on
Surplice, black coat, or sable gown,
I've lent mine ear
Unto thy orisons, an' own
On thee grave sire
O' reverend an' sage divines,
My smoaking savoury sirloins,
Delicious fruits, an' flav'rin wines,
Were well bestow'd—
A't you cou'd carry i' your brains
Or belly haud.
For aye in Sunday afternoons,
In spite o' snaw, hail, rain, or wins,
As soon as e'er thy sermon en's
Thou saddles Dobin;
An' in a blink thou'rt at my inns,
Breathless an' fobbin:
Regardless wha's to christen or marry,
Or like to die, ye never tarry,
Till that day uke we haud us merry
At playin' carts,
An' guzlin' port, champaign, an' sherry,
To cheer our hearts;

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An' as I live, I do protest,
I will attend to thy request,
An' wi' authority invest
My servan' Chairly,
To execute my vengeance just,—
An' that right early—
Upon our enemies every one,
He will rack rents frae them deman',
An' grind their rustic noses down
To raise their rent;
Or, in his ire, out o' my lan'
He will them hunt.
An' as I live, I likewise swear,
My bounties thou shalt ever share,
Till worms on thy fat carcase fare
When i' the groun';
Or till beyond the lunar sphere
My spirit's flown.

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EPISTLE TO

A. W—TT, EXCISE OFFICER,

ON HIS SEIZING ILLICIT STILLS AND SMUGGLED MAUT ON SUNDAY.

O ye hard-hearted heathen W—tt,
What sorrow wou'd ye now be at,
Rangin' for whisky stills an' maut
O' the L—d's day;
An' garin aul' wives rin about
An' rave an' cry;
While o'er their nose the pearls run pinkin;
Altho' wi' Brown, ye're rantin' drinkin',
An' ither haverels, while ye're rinkin
Throughout your roun',
Satan in's sleeve is at you winkin'
To see you man;
An', as attentive as a cat,
Markin' the motions o' a rat,
Th' auld thief does eye you in an' out,
An' closely watch ye;
An' thinks some day there's little doubt
But he will catch ye.

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An' sae he will, I will be boun',
Gin ye alake haud headlong on
Your mad career, whilk ye ha'e run
This monie year;
Syne ye'll repent your riggs an' fun
Wi' cronies dear,
O'er tankards fu' and tum'lers foamin',
When like a samon ye'll be soomin'
Amang blue brimstone an' bitumen,
Burnin' for aye;
Whare the poor worm in torment screamin'
Will never die;
An' roun' ye deils will dance and howl,
Like Indians wild, to see you thole
The agonies o' yon dread hole—
The d—d among;
An yow'l in vain for water to cool
Your burning tongue.
So A——re man, tak' my advice,
An' gi'e up drinkin' to excess,
The inlet unto ilka vice,
An' Sabbath brakin';
An' G—d's blest name in vain likewise
In your mou' takin',
For scarce ane gangs unto the gallows,
But in their diyng speeches tell us,
That it was huntin' aye the ale-house,
An' Sabbath brakin';
An' takin' up wi' worthless fellows,
Whilk was their wrackin'.

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EPISTLE

TO A. W. ESQ. ADVOCATE.

An answer, Sir, to your's I send,
Sae, gin ye please, ye may command
The bailiffs my effects to poind,
An' cry my roup;
Or my poor person apprehend,
An' clap me up
In limbo; but, by a' aboon,
By that you'll never get your own,
For I am owe, Sir, mony a pound
To ither fouk;
An' shou'd you do't, they'd raise a soun',
An' grimly yoke,
Wi' teeth an' nails, ye needna doubt,
Wi' you to get bawbee about;
An' devil tak me giff a groat,
Sir, o' the shillin',
Tho' I were roupet, cou'd be got,
As things are sellin'.
A' th' effects within my house
'S an aul' sea trunk an' ship camboose,
A kist for ony orro use,
Without a lock;
An' ane o' the bans—that's nae great loss—
O' it is broke;

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A tin ink-stan', an' writin' table,
Wi' ink an' soot a' glaried sable;
An' some aul' buiks, but ha'e nae bible,
An' that's a shame;
An' ae fir chair, that's worn sae feeble,
Wi' use an' time,
When I meeve on't ye'd hear it creakin';
A rusty flaggon, aften leakin',
A stoupit caff-bed, an' the teikin'
Is nearly dane;
Ae pair o' plaids, nae lies I'm makin',
Are only mine;
Twa bolsters, that wou'd need a sweel,
A bowie that hauds a peck o' meal,
A flask that hauds twa gills o' oil,
A tillie pan
O white iron, whilk I made mysel,
An' a horn spoon;
A lampie tee, that lats me see
To read at night, an' scribble awee;
Nae kind o' crock'rie ware I ha'e;
For in a word
Sick lux'ries, Sir, as suckar an' tea,
I can't afford.
My bellows leathers a' are torn,
The broads are only fit to burn;
My stakes an' studdies for aul' iron
Wou'd only gang.
So I assure ye ye'd be a bairn,
If you wou'd fling

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Out mair good sillar seekin' ill;
Nor need I mak' a phrase an' tell
How times are bad, how trade is dull
In town an' country,
Whilk gar poor bodies sadly feel,
An' e'en the gentry;
For since the broolzie o' Waterloo,
An' Bony was banish'd hyne awa,
The nation's gotten an' unco fa',
An' sair mischiev'd,
That nae state doctor kens ava
How till releiv't.
Lords Liverpool an' Castlereagh
Bid us wi' patience wait awee,
Its proper channel we will see
Trade soon will find;
Ere that come round, we'll starve or die,
I apprehend.
O saw ye, sir, the man o' rhyme,
Just like a Cyclops, black an' grim,
Sittin in's smiddie, passin's time
Writin' a play,
In hopes that cash in's pouch will chime
For it some day,
Ye wou'dna fash your thumb, I ken,
Letters an' summonses to sen',
An' captie-hornins unto ane
Like me, wha has
Nae credit, frien's, nor sort o' coin,
An' scarcely claes

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To hap his hurdies, like the lave
O' his poor wierdless clan, wha have
Nae ither earthly aim, but rave
Awa in rhyme,
In hopes, Sir, that their names will live
In future fame.
Had I enew o' stills to mak',
Your siller ye shou'd shortly brook;
Cause bear's so ill, fouk winna yoke
The whisky pot.
Ha'e patience, an' I'll sen' neist uke
A one poun' note;
The ither three I'll try an' sen',
Ere th' ensuin' summer en'.
If to these terms ye don't incline
To listen, ye
May do's ye'r ain deil bids ye, syne
Ye winna dee
I' the pet.—Nae lenity I seek
Frae you,'s I ha'na nane t' expect,
Nae mair indeed than frae aul' nick,
I'm well aware,
Therefore on me your fury wreck
Wi' felon ire.
Lord help the unlucky wierdless wretches
That fa' into the lawyers' clutches,
Wha suck our heart-blood like horse-leeches,
An' wou'd to hell
Aff han' for hire at once dispatch us,
Besides a jail.

Inverury, April 13, 1817.

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ODE TO

ANTHONY, EARL OF KINTORE,

ON HIS HOME FAIR.

HAIL to the noble young Kintore,
Wha's presence maks our joys run o'er;
The fields, wi' mony a blooming flow'r
An' plant are crown'd,
An' th' aereal choir harmonious pour
Music around.
An' boding plenty gladdens man,
But O the pride o' bonny June
Is heighten'd on the the banks o' Don
An' Ury side,
While thou'st brought hame to deck the lan',
A lovely bride.
A lady in fashions circle named,
For shape an' air an' beauty famed,
By a' wha ken her 'tis proclaim'd,
Her mind does glow
With every virtue, an' esteem'd
By high an' low.

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May she be Countess o' Kintore
Threescore o' years—by rich an' poor
Belov'd, an' ha'e full half a' score
O' girls an' boys,
Guid, stout an' fair, will yield I'm sure
Domestic joys.
As calm an' pleasant to the sea
Yon kindred streams glide on their way,
May you an' your Lady's lives, I pray,
Unruffl'd pass
In mutual harmony—syne flee
To enless bliss.

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ODE TO

MRS MAJOR FORBES

OF INVERERNAN,

ON HER LEAVING THAINSTON.

MADAM, the muse in measured style,
While sorrow does my bosom swell,
Now bids your Ladyship farewell,
Alas! when thou
Frae Thainston's bony braes awile
Art ga'n awe.
To your ain seat hyne at Strathdon,
Thy absence, when thou'rt thither gone,
Aft with a heartfelt heavy groan
I will deplore,
As doeth the wretch his lang lost sun,
Frae Greenland's shore.
For the warm kindness you did show
To me my gratitude shall glow,
Till my heart blood forget to flow,
An' I am laid
Upon the lap of earth full low
Amang the dead.

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Thou pow'r divine who makest e'er
Poor mortals thy peculiar care,
Vouchsafe now to incline thine ear,
To me while I
Send up my orisons sincere
To thee on high,
That may young Peggy happy be,
Her husban' and her bairnies three,
As mony mair yet may she ha'e,
An' blooming thrive
In lieu o' the loss o' those wha lie
In the caul' grave.
Her years do num'er sax an' twenty,
May she survive till she be ninety,
Blest wi' her husban', health an' plenty,
An' reverenced be
By bairns bairnies fair an' dainty
Ere death she see.
An' when he comes, O may she be
Wafted on Angels' wings away,
Aloft where glowing gems inlay
The azure zone
Of heaven, where Saints in songs o' joy
Circle thy throne.

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ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF LADY KINTORE.

An! mourn my muse, while death has stung
Kintore's dear Lady, fair an' young,
An' virtuous; an' sorrow 's sprung
Forth like a pard,
An' to the widow'd bosom clung
O' her fond Lord.
Alas! affliction's pow'rs do wring
My heart, the unseen ills to sing,
That posteth on time's dext'rous wing,
An' daily do
On countless hapless thousands bring
Trouble an' wo.
For scarcely earth in'ts orbit round
Has twice revolv'd, to heal love's wound,
Since in the Hymeneal band
They twa were tied,
An' a lang life o' joy profound
They hop'd to lead.

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Their merry homefair I remind,
When their blythe tenantry conven'd
On Ury's banks, in jubilee join'd
To welcome them,
With signs o' joy of every kind
That worth can claim.
An' I enraptured strung the lyre,
To hail the honour'd happy pair,
An' breath'd my benisons sincere,
But cruel fate
Made them, like vapours, into air
Evanish quite.
A' ye, wha did rejoice that day,
An' rent the air wi' shouts o' joy,
While July in her green mantle gay,
An' gow'ny gems,
Bespangled shone, an' birds did vie
Wi' your acclaims,
Now wail the loss o' her wi' me,
That rends your master's heart wi' wae;
An' mony her short worth will hae
Cause to lament,
Wha's heart an' hand were open aye
To those in want.

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ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A—— R——, M. D.

WHO DIED IN THE WEST INDIES, OCTOBER 1818.

ALAS! what news is this I hear?
Death, with his dart, wha nane does spare,
Has struck a good aul' comrade dear
In youthful prime,
Residing in a fatal, far,
An' foreign clime.
In life's gay happy morning, we
At school were class-mates, an' at play
Were seldom separate, an' aye
Harmonious greed,
An' friendship's bands, as years roll'd by,
Were stronger tied.
An' when he to the Indies hied,
To his suggestions I complied,
My country I an' kindred bade
A warm adieu,
T' accomp'ny him, an' took the tide,
Tho' boist'rous blew

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The stormy winds. When I arriv'd
In great Augusta, he receiv'd
Me wi' true kindness, an' behav'd
Like ony brither
To me, the little time we liv'd
There baith thegither.
Confinement close within the same,
Hard toil, an' the infernal feem
O' pois'nous metals, which I blame,
On me brought on
A host, that maist reduc'd my frame
To skin an' bone.
An' quarrels, which I own with shame,
Did lay me cripple on a lim';
An' waur than a', want, gaunt an' grim,
Did stare me full;
That e'er I left my native hame,
Woe wrung my soul.
Yet I in a' these ills did find
His friendship; but baith tide an' wind
For sailing serv'd, an I behind
Was left forlorn
In an afflicted state, stone-blind,
My fate to mourn!
Bless'd Providence did bring me round,
An' back unto my native land
I hied; though poor, yet hale an' sound
I live amang
Kind social friends, a num'rous band,
An' sing my sang.

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But till my heart shall cease to beat,
Him wham I wail I'll ne'er forget;
An' his endowments, I will say't,
Transcendent were,
Wi' a figure form'd to captivate
Th' hearts o' the fair.
An' free an' affable he was,
Ilk feature in his weel-far'd face,
Which wore a smile aye did express
An Angel mind,
That seem'd to grasp in his embrace
All human kind.
An' a' that kent him 's well as I
Confess the same, even with a sigh;
May He who snatch'd his soul away
To bliss replete,
Comfort his mourning friends, I pray,
With hopes to meet
Him at the last, where trouble an' care
Sorrow, disease, nor death, shall ne'er
Alarm the Christian with fear,
Nor wish for more
Real happiness than what is there
Laid up in store.

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SAWNY FRASER,

A TALE.

A chapman anes, ca'd Sawny Fraser,
As arch a chiel' as e'er did measure
Aff tape or claith o' ony kin',
An' praisin's wares for bein' fine
An cheap, an' that they were na his,
Nor manufactured at the price
That he was seekin' for them; so
He thus the bodies up did blow,
An' gart them buy. In brief, he made
A hun'er guinies by his trade;
So trav'lin' he resolv'd to drop,
An' in some borough town set up,
An' mak' a fortune's monie's done,
An' ere they diet ha'e bailies been,
An' bought estates; an' why not Sawny?
Wha had the knack o' makin' money,
An' eke o' keepin't in his claws
Whan it was made, whilk wisdom shaws;
An' that he was baith kute an' slee,
Ye by the sequel soon sall see.

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An' as I said, he'd given up
Carryin' the pack, an' ta'en a shop,
An' set awa south wi' his winin'
Inten'in' to buy goods at Lon'on.
As he thro' England on shanks mare
Did paddle, I kenna whatna shire
Or town;—it maksna, the arch wight
Was lodgin' in an inn ae night,
An' eke twa Cocknies, grocer beaus,
Wi' powder'd pates, as white as do'es,
An' in the fashion finely drest,
Wha ruffles wore at han's an' breast,
Rings o' their fingers an' breast preens,
Stoned seals, gowd watches, an' gowd chains,
Whilk dangling, rattled at their hips,
An' sillar mounted riding whips,
An' saddle bags, an' hackney horse,
An' buckskin breeks, an' boots an' spurs,
An' muckle coats;—they'd out been takin'
In orders, eke an' cash colleckin'
Frae country customers wha aw'd them,
Their names I kenna what they ca'd them;
But I sall ca' the taen Bohea,
The tither Congou—that 'll dee,
Fu' cosh beside a canty fire,
In a snug room, they smookin' were,
O'er christen'd rum, but thinkin' lang
By being alone, the bell they rang,
An' call'd the landlord—Sackbutt came—
An' thus interrogated him:

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"Have you to-night in this here house
Any more lodgers, sir, than us,
To bear us company a while,
The tedious evening to beguile,
As we are thinking long alone,
And getting drowsy? "There's but vone"
Said he, "and that's a trav'lling Scot,
Who gemmen's company vill not suit;
He's in the kitchen, and who is
A cattle drover, I suppoase."
"A Scot!" they echoed with a smile,
Rubbing their hands, "he'll do d—d well;
So, if you please, Sir, send him here,
And we will quizz the mountaineer,
And make us sport and game of him,
And merrily pass away the time."
Sackbutt assented to it,—then
He shortly usher'd Sawny in,
Wha doff'd his bonnet, scrap'd an' bow'd;
The merchants modish manners show'd,
An' raise politely frae their chairs,
Accustomed well their customers
Wi' courtesy o'er their counters to
Salute wi' a smile an' servile bow,
An' civily Sawny they entreated
To step in over an' be seated;
An' he obey'd wi' awkward air,
An' decket down his heathery hair,
An' eyed them out aneath his brows.
Bohea did fill him up a glass,

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An' ask'd him socially to taste;
He nodded, an' their health he wist,
Remarkin', at the same time, that
O'er muckle trible they were at.
Congou anither fill'd in haste,
Insinuating he was chaste.
Quoth he—"I think ye'll fill me fu'
Afore ye halt"—handin't to's mou'.
The grocers fill'd their glasses niest
As well as Sawny's, an' they wist
His good health, wi' a gentle nod,
He thank'd them, while he gravely bow'd.
They fill'd again, an' a' the three
Fell helter-skelter tilt wi' glee;
An' after ae bowl came anither,
Till Sawny's head grew light's a feather,
An' bauldly crack'd like a pen-gun,
An' sang to them, an' ga'e them fun.
Tho' Sawny he was slee an' sickar
As ony whan sober, but the liquor
Made him a fool, an' tell'd his min'
O'er freely, whilk he sou'd na dane,
An' answer'd a' the cocknies' queries
Without reserve, wi' aspect serious,
An' tauld them, wi' exultin' air,
He was a chapman mony a year,
An' that he'd sav'd a hun'er poun'
An' gi'en up ga'n frae town to town;
An' eke that he a shop had ta'en,
To set up in the clothier line,

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An' this far on his way was bound,
To purchase goods at Lon'on town,
Whare he wad get his pick an' wale,
An' a' thing o' the newest style,
An' cheaper, too, than second han;
An' they applauded Sawny's plan
In gain' there to choose his stock;
Their glasses fill'd, an' wist him luck,
When business he commence'd; an' they
Did Sawny sound wt what hour he
I' the mornin' meant to go away.
Said he, "a while afore the sky,
Gin I be well I mean to start,
Because the day is unco short."
Now joy beam'd in the Cocknies' eyes,
As bein' cocksure o' their prize,
An' did ilk ither's meanin' mark,
That they would nob him i' the dark,
An' wi' their booty get clear off,
An' on the heads o' this took snuff,
An' fill'd a bumper to the brim,
An' in a jiffy toom'd the same.
By this time it was weazin' late,
They call'd for something now to eat,
An' Sawny spierd at them what lay
To his share o' the lewin to pay,
Whilst han' in's pocket did slowly slide.
"Nothing at all," the Cocknies cried;
While Sawny, wi' a heart right glad
To hear't, as if his fingers had

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Been stung or brodet wi' a pris,
Did suddenly draw't out again,
An' thanks return'd for their braw treat,
An' bowin', raise up frae his seat,
An' mannerly mintet to withdraw.
The Cocknies would not let him go
Till he partook wi' them a chat,
An' Sawny nae great priggin sought.
The eatin' over, he retired,
Right joyfu' 'cause so well he'd fared
For naething, an' the landlord paid
His bill o' fare, an' to his bed,
Up to the garret he was shawn.
The merchants likewise paid their lawin,
An' sat awee, an' took their smoke,
An' leugh at Sawny ahint his back,
An' ridiculed his country, too,
Whilk Englishmen are apt to do.
By hellish avarice allured,
The twa knaves mutually concurr'd,
By ha'in' sick a glorious chance
To act highwaymen's parts for ance,
An' rise betimes before the dawn,
An' rob him o' his hun'er poun'
Wi' candle in hand, the chamber maid
Up stairs did show them to their bed.
Early i' the mornin' Sawny raise,
Ere light had streak'd the eastern skies,
An' turses himsel', wi' staff in hand,
He left the house a' snorin' soun',

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An' took the road an' travel'd on.
Alas! a league he had not gone—
An' thro' the dubs his stumps was steerin'—
Whan up the cockneies came careerin',
Atween twa woods; a halt they made,
An' held their pistols till his head,
An' order'd him directly to
Surrender his purse, else they would blow
His brains out, whilk gart Sawny start,
An' till his mou' maist lap his heart;
His limbs, for fear, near lost their pith,
An' he was nearly out o' breath,
An' lean'd him o'er his staff, an' shook
Like ane just i' the palsy struck;
Then looking up, he ga'e a grain,
An' on the robbers cast his een,
An' kent them, an' he question'd gin
They were in earnest or in fun:
"Earnest, by G—d," they baith exclaim'd,
"So yield directly, an' be d—d,
Or your a dead man on the spot,
You scurvy, scabbit, lousy Scot."
"In faith," quoth he, "I think ye're gain
To gar me pay my last nights lawin,"
While frae his oxter pouch he pu'd
His harden bag an' a his gowd,
An' ga'e them;—like a supplicant,
Ae boon o' them he begg'd they'd grant,
Gin they, for G—d's sake, wou'd gi'e him
As mickle back as carry him hame.

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Their hearts wi' some sma' pity yearn'd,
An' so three guineas they return'd;
An' quick as arrows frae the bow
They spurr'd their backs, an' aff they flew:
An' Sawny, left to ruminate
Alone, o'er his unsonsy fate,
He claw'd his head, he sighed, he groan'd,
An' thir twa devil's buckies ban'd;
An' eke, in hurried agitation,
Lugg'd out his mill, an' licket sneeshin.
"Ah! me," he cried, "thro' win' an' wet,
I've travel'd mony a weary fit,
Until my back was like to brack
Aneath the burden o' my pack;
Alake! an' plash'd out mony a peel,
An' to the arse ha'e mired mysel';
An' mony an oorlich night I've lien
In caul' kill-barns, 'mang beddin' thin;
I've travel'd in a' kin' o' weather,
Gatherin' yon pickle gowd the gither,
Whilk yon twa gallows knaves ha'e ta'en:
But it is needles to complain,
It winna men' the matter ony,
I'll think how I'll get back my mony."
So on the grun' he fix'd his ee,
An' took a pinch mair o' rappee,
On purpose to gar's wit come down,
For he had store o't in his crown,
A famous stim'lus, for 'twas done
By Frederick and Napoleon.

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A thought struck Sawny i' the head,
An' back unto the inn he sped,
An' call'd for Sackbutt—Sackbutt came,
An' Sawny thus addressed him,
Wi' an' exultin' air an' smile :—
" Eh ! Sir, I am a lucky chiel'
As e'er ye saw—yon gentlemen,
Wha treated me so well yestreen,
Ha'e kin'er been to me the day,
For they o'ertook me o' the way,
An' ga'e me guineas three—an' whan
I did arrive at Lon'on town,
They kindly bade me ca' on them,
An' I consented to the same,
An' pledg'd their words they would befrien' me,
An' to good people recommen' me ;
But, deil tak' hell, I ha'e forgot
Their names, an' whare they won I wot ;
So I'll gi'e you a hearty dram,
Wou'd ye, sir, put me thro' the same."
" I will do that," said Sackbutt, " soon ;
So step in here, sir, and sit down."
Sawny was fidgin now fu' fain,
An' call'd a quart o' hollan' ben.
Sackbutt brought paper, pen, an' ink,
An Sawny blythly bade him drink ;
Said Sackbutt " They're fine fellows yon."
" Faith that they are," quoth Sawny, " man :"
Takin' a pinch out o' his mill ;
But thought the contrair wi' himsel',

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An' that they'd made o'er free wi' him,
But hop'd he'd be upsides wi' them.
"No Scot," said Sackbutt, "would behave
As they have done." "That I believe,"
Said Sawny, wi' ironic leer,
"I never saw them yet, I'll swear."
Sawny the rogues' addresses got,
Whilk in his pocket-book he put,
An' thanked Sackbutt for the same,
An' threw down sillar for his dram,
An' order'd breakfast, an' he ate
A hearty meal, syne aff he set;
An' whan he came to Lon'on, he
Unto a bailiff did apply,
An' tell'd him he was newly come
Frae Caledonia, to do some
Sma' business in their town, an' that
Twa merchants likewise in it aw't
Him an account, an' he boot ha'e't,
An' without force they wouldna pay't.
The bailiff briefly did inquire
Their names, what sums they ow'd, and where
They liv'd, whilk Sawny put him thro'.
The bailiff undertook to do
For him, an' to the merchants they
Cheekie for chowie aff did hie,
An' first they call'd upon Bohes,
An' Sawny gravely in did gae,
An' left the bailiff at the door,
An' o'er the counter ga'e a glowr,

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An' blythely there he spied Bohea,
An' said to 'm, "Sir, do ye ken me?"
Bohea, astonish'd, stood aghast,
The colour frae his cheek was chas'd;
Thought Sawny was a warlock, sure,
Wha said, "A chield, Sir, 's at the door,
Whilk 's ca'd a constable, I ween;
I daresay I needna fesh him in."
"O! for the love of God, Sir, no!"
Whisper'd Bohea, "step this way, do."
Wi' haste into the counting-room,
The merchant there made Sawny come,
An' steek'd the door wi' shakin' han',
His hun'er guineas he taul' down,
An' begg'd of him he never would
Expose 'm; he swore he never should;
At view o's gowd, vow, he was vokie,
An' rak'd it in to 's harden pockie,
Whilk into's oxter pouch he put,
An' birst it down, an' button'd 's coat,
An' o' Bohea syne took his leave,
Bowin', an' smirtlin' in his sleeve,
An' taul' the bailiff, wi' a smile,
That he had settled wi' this chiel'.
Wi' head erect, fu' blythe an' big,
He an' the bailiff aff did league
To Congou's neist, an' the same scene
He archly acted o'er again
As at Bohea's, an' eke wi' him
Succeeded equally the same.

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Thus Sawny, by his wyles an' wit,
The gallows knaves o' Cocknies bit,
An' doubled his hun'er poun' an' mair,
An' paid the bailiff eke his hire,
An' bought his goods, an' back again
To Scotlan' cam, wi' a merry min',
An' open'd shop, an' threeve in trade,
An' was at length a bailie made;
An' mony a bailie, I aver,
Within my kennin's ne sae clever.

The tale indeed is nae sae ill
A leisure moment to beguile
But still, dear Poetaster, still
We canna say we like your style.
Your rhymes as painfully you trace
As if wi' sledge blows stoot
Upon your smiddy studdie's face
They had been hammerd oot.

Mch 20, 1895

Law.

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ODE

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

LIKE loudest thunder hark a voice
That stounds us from the shores o' Greece,
Bursting thro' air o'er earth an' seas
Wi' whirl-wind speed,
Crying Lord Byron number'd is
Amang the dead.
An' Albion on her dark blue shield
An' trident leans wi' visage wild,
Wi' dolour that her darling child,
Whase Orphean lyre
Her bosom aye wi' rapture thrill'd,
Will charm nae mair.
That luminary in his blaze
Of fame's extinguish'd, that the gaze
Of millions drew, an' wi' amaze
Mark'd him's they do
Some strange phenomena i' the skies,
Or Comet view.

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Mingled with wonder and with fear,
And in his bright but brief career
All his contemp'raries in his rear
He left afar,
Tho' some o' them that tune the lyre
Transcendant are.
Parnassus top e'en in his green
Years he did easily attain,
A hill that's hard to climb I ween,
An' walk'd likewise
As a superior being 'mong men,
Sir Walter says.
An' since that prince o' bards is gone,
Empty's divine Apollo's throne,
An' to assert it there is none.
The Aonian maids
Roam by Castalia's burn and moan
An hang their heads.
Nor will we witness in our day
Another minstrel match his lay,
Such giant originals as he
Was, are so rare,
Ane hardly in a century
On earth appear.
Tho' scribblers sore did him annoy,
Contemptuously he pass'd them by,
An' lion-like held on his way,
And on the lance
Level'd to wound him he would fly
Furious at once;

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And none o' his antagonists
That enter'd with him e'er the lists
Could hurt him, or his strokes an' thrusts
Ward off—his keen
Edg'd sword o' satire their proud crests
Brought low bedeen.
He assail'd kings emp'rors an' courts,
An' snouls an' sycophants o' a' sorts
In pow'r obnoxious, his darts
Scarce e'er escap'd;
An' hypocrites' rotten hollow hearts
He open rip'd.
Nor solely lay his fort in satire
In discrivin' the face o' nature;
Amours an' fights by land an' water,
As great he shin'd,
Nor could terrestrial objects fetter
His mighty mind.
Conscious o's powers, he careless sung,
(For trivial nicities belong
To those wha trill on harps half strung),
An' nane need try,
The followers o' the nine among
To ape his lay.
An' yet some fools ha'e mimick'd him,
When so much for immortal fame
He'd done, lang e'er he reach'd his prime,
Had he been spared
Frae's harp what strains still more sublime
We might have heard.

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An' bards to whom the world bows,
The most renown'd that ever rose,
Ha'e rival'd an' atoned for those
Eccentric sallies
Of his advent'rous playful muse
An' youthful follies.

He err'd he own'd, but who can say
They err not—men that move in high
Conspicuous spheres, the public eye
On them is fix'd,
An' ony flaw it does espy
Is made a text
For calumny's infernal tongue
To harp upon, an' to harangue,
An' laurel'd genius is stung
By envy's dart;
Tho' wild his passions were an' strong,
Warm glow'd his heart.

Wi' noble philanthropy, as poor
Greece can attest, wha does deplore
Wi' heavy dool, his premature
Lamented loss,
Wha, in adversity's trying hour,
Her firm friend was.

Lang she'll hae cause to wail him sore,
An' love his mem'ry evermore;
Inspired by her ancient lore
An' martial deeds,
Unmatch'd in time, the Muses' bower
An' sylvan shades

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At her suggestion he forsook
At Freedom's call, when she awoke,
An' to shake off the Turkish yoke
Her children banded,
An' forty realms, in arms to shock,
Dared single handed.
A crusade to her shores he made,
An' both his life an' fortune did
An' powers of song devote, to aid
Her glorious cause,
An' European auxiliaries led
T expel her foes,
Wha mony an age hae overaw'd
An' rul'd her wi' an iron rod,
While the crown'd heads o' Christendom stood
Aloof, alas!
Wi' hearts o' apathy, an' view'd
On her fair face
The heathen crescent standard streaming,
Swords, scimaters, an' begnets gleaming,
Rape, murder, massacre, an' famine,
An' conflagrations;
Nay, a' the woes with which war's demon
Afflicteth nations.
This chivalrous enterprise alone
O' Byron's, once by every one
Would adequate been deem'd t' atone
For ony crime,
So's harp, I hope, in heaven above
He strikes sublime!

Dear Byron: It was worth your time
Altho' you had not reach'd your prime
To seek the higher realms of bliss
To dodge such awful stuff as this!

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DONALD AND RED BEARD,

A TALE.

A cent'ry an' a half sinsyne,
Ere paper current pass'd for coin;
An' equity an' the arm o' law
Was able to haud the state in awe,
Auld Scotlan' did we robbers swarm,
Wha formidable bands did form;
An' from the mountains like moroons,
Rush'd down like cat'raes and sack'd towns;
An toom'd hale faulds o' sheep an' aoute,
An' they the ketean clans were ca'd;
An' whiles alone in woods they lay
An' watch'd their pray by the high way;
On trav'lers out at night they'd start
An haud their pistols to their heart,
An' on a sudden gar them stop,
An' mak' them instantly yield up
Their purse, or else their life, an' syne
Retreat into the woods again.

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So in the dark 'twas dang'rous ga'n
In thir times atween toun and toun.
Yet auld fowk shak' their heads and grane,
An' tell 'twas better warlds then.
But to my tale in these auld days,
Wark they extol's the story gaes.
The Cairn o' Mont infested was
By ane Red Beard, a man nae mouse
To meet, wha on horseback us'd to ride
Wi' durk an' pistol by his side,
An' eke upon his hip a lang
Ram-headed Andrew Ferrara hang;
A hairy cap on's head he wore,
An' whiskers like a fierce pandour;
Jack boots an' spurs an' jocky coat;
Robust he was an' resolute,
In stature large, an' aspect fierce;
An' had twin'd mony o' their purse,
An' even took the lives 'tis said
O' mony wha resistance made.
A terror he to trav'lers was
Wha had wi' cash the Cairn to pass;
As are the limbs now o' the excise,
Wha mak' the mountain-dew their prize.
But it did happen on a day,
A highlan'man did gang that way,
An mounted on an aul' grey drough
O' a' beastie, he to Edinburgh
Was cant'rin' wi' his master's rent;
The way was dang'rous Donald kent,

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In case she'd fa' in wi' Red Beard—
Wi' dirk an' pistol was prepar'd,
Whilk she contriv'd no to be seen
On her for reasons o' her ain;
For them wha won amang the hills
I ween are no ahin' their wiles.
At the hill foot a smithie stood,
Aside a burn at th' edge o' the road,
Her nainsell lighted, and gaed in
To gar the smith look's shelty's sheen,
An' see gin they were sicker or no.
Red Beard was there, whilk she did view
Wi' sly inspection up an' down,
An' did his looks an' lineaments scan,
Whilk well a' highlan'man can do,
An' kent him by his tokens; so
Lugg'd out her mill an' took a snuff,
An' till hersel' began to souff;
An' while she slyly hich'd about,
A lockless pistol she drew out,
Whilk she began to scour an' clean;
The robber on her fix'd her een,
An' eke did Brookie; syne Red Beard
Made free wi' her an' at her spier'd
Wi' a civil leer, what did she mean
By scourin' that d—'d old machine?
"Och sir" said she "she's sortin' it,
In case Red Beard she chanceto meet
Upon te muckle muir afore her;
An' ten you see, sir, she would gar her

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Her purse or ten her life surren'er,
An' she's a penny o' siller on her."
Now joy beam'd in Red Beard's eye,
An' mark'd down Donald for his prey;
But Brookie's like the coals o's fire,
Or like a cat's did glance in ire,
An' ban'd the bodie till himsel'
For bein' sic an idiot's tell,
The like o' that to ony, indeed
An' mair sae an' Red Beard aside;
An' wheel'd him roun', an' o'er his brow
His cap he hastily did pu',
An' like ane daft his bellows blew,
An girn'd his teeth, an' gart the fire
Thro' a' the forge flee in his ire.
The Robber smiling said in sport,
"That piece would do Red Beard no hurt
Should you the vilain chance to meet."
Said Donald "she will mak' her fleyt,
An' tat you see, sir, is eneugh,"
An' rub'd awa'.—The robber leugh,
An' at the fool's he thought her flickart.
Her nainsel's sheltie's shoon was sicker'd;
She put her pistol in her belt,
An' at the door lap on her shelt,
An' took the road an' hobbl'd on,
An' touch'd it up wi' a hazle wan'.
The Robber did impatient seem
An' anxious to be after him;
In constant motion he was in,

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An' back an' fore, an' but an' ben
Wi' rollin' een, he souffin' stept
Like ony wild beast that is kept
In a menag'rie, an' naething spoke;
An' o'er the half door aft did look:
An' Brookie kent his black design,
An' pitied Donald in his min'.
  Red Beard led out an' mounted's steed,
An' direct after Donald hied;
Upo' the spur he speel'd the brae
As hard's his horse cou'd lift or lay
His feet down. Brookie black an' grim,
O'er's smithie door glow'r'd after him,
An' horrid imprecations pray'd
To light on him ere far he rade;
Poor Donald he was sure was gone,
An' for her made a heavy moan.
  Sudden the heav'ns did heav'ly low'r,
An' dark an' gloomy grew the moor;
In haste in every airt the crow
In silence to her eyrie flew;
The heron on high swift wing'd her way,
The signal that a storm was nigh.
  Now Clochmabain's peak dim appear'd;
A solemn distant sound was heard
Of hollow thunder 'mongst the hills,
An' brown became the mountain rills,
An' nearer now, an' louder still
Amongst them broke a double peal,
Preceding which, a sudden glare

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Of light'ning darted thro' the air;
More dark an' dismal low'r'd the skies,
Louder the thunder rais'd its voice
An' nearer roll'd towards the moor;
An' like the distant sound o' war,
As when a thousand horses feet
The bosom of the earth do beat
An' rush to battle, the noise o' rain,
Or hail afar was heard between,
Ilk rumble coming on amain.
Now right aboon the Rober's head,
(Wha onward spur'd at headlong speed,)
The clouds did rend, and rain an' hail
Prone on the heath in torrents fell;
An' heav'n's artillery did play
Around him dreadful, as that day
On bloody Borodina, when
Incessant roar'd two thousand train;
In the tremen'dous tempest dash'd,
An' in his face blue light'ning flash'd.
Reckless o' thunder, hail, or fire,
The Rober onward did career,
With head nigh on his charger's neck,
An' spur in's flank to overtake
On the wild desolate heath his mark,
Which oft he'd done. As on the dark
An' rolling tempest of the north
The royal Eagle rushes forth,
Thro' rainy clouds an' raving winds,
On sounding pinions, and descends

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With light'ning's speed upon his prey.
Awee afore him on the way,
Hersel alang at her ease rade,
An' in her tartan plaid her head
Was muffled up the storm to fend;
An' o'er her shouther aft behind
Red Beard's approach she watch'd, who soon
O'ertook her on the hill alone,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
An' loud in Donald's lugg he roar'd,
An' sternly order'd her in brief
To yield her purse up or her life.
Her nainsel' up her shouthers shrugg'd,
In seeming fear he Red Beard begg'd
To spare her life; wi' that she pu't
A loaded twa barrel'd pistol out
An' level'd it at Red Beard's breast,
An' at the same time said in jest,
"'Tis sir's a mak' her fa' "—an' shot
The Rober dead upo' the spot!

It's pretty good – it might be worse –
The rhymes are maybe rather lame,
The rhythm rude, but yet I dare
A man to say the tale is tame.
Perhaps it is because well kent
To me the places mentioned are
That I am sae quick to make comment:
'It's pretty good – it might be worse'!
The heart, tae grows warm
To localism's charm!

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ODE ON THE AULD YEAR.

O TWENTY-FOUR, in thy wee time,
What accidents abroad an' at hame,
An' strange events eke have occur'd,
Unequall'd maist upon record?
An' monie ane a' their days will hae
Occasion to remem'er thee.
Augusta an' Edina, sair
Ha'e suffer'd by th' effects o' fire,
While th' half o' Weissinburgh, waes me!
By the same means in ruins lie;
The Neva, Peterborough nigh
Did under inundation lay,
An' hurricanes the iron reefs
Or domes row'd up like paper leaves.
To add the capstane to her skaith,
Thousands did meet a watery death.
Priest-ridden Portugal an' Spain
The scenes o' civil stir ha'e been,
'Tween freedom an' despotic pow'r,
Superstition an' bigotry sour,

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Wha lang the human soul ha'e shackl'd,
That under tyranny hath truckled ;—
So hath Colombia, an' eke
The Turk's been licket by the Greek,
Wha's struglin' in a noble cause
To be again what ance he was ;
An' at her aim may Greece arrive
Afore the en' o' twenty-five.
In her celestial sunny clime,
Ennobled by her ancient fame,
Great Byron, Prince of Bards, expired,
Wha her assisted an' inspired,
When frae her lethargy she woke,
To doff the Ott'man iron yoke.
The Cath'lic rent, too, 's grown sae mickle
As put the Protestant in a pickle,
An' Paddy, the opprest, they're fearin',
The embers o' rebellion's steerin',
An' Erin's bogs an' fields sae green
In blood will be deluged again,
An' her clay cabins burnt to aise
By English an' by Orange faes,
An' th' erection o' whisky stills
Alarm, alas !, our Highland hills,
An' the sever'ty o' the laws
O' the Excise, I dread, will cause
A deal o' dool an' discontent,
The lairds will no get a' their rent
Gin these hard laws are put in force,
An' gin th' unkennel their hell curs

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Upon their tenants, they'll hie o'er
Th' Atlantic to a foreign shore
In mournfu' bands, men, wives, and weans,
An desolate leave their dowie glens,
Whare they an' their heroic sires
Ha'e won'd, I ween, twa thousand years,
An' whase achievements in the field
Hae been the British army's shield
An' burgonet in monie a broolzie,
An' 'tis a sin to use them cruelly;
An' whan the sound o' war shall summon
Our youth to arms to fight our foemen,
Whan haughty Gallia the state
May menace, at no distant date,
Stead o' the pibroch's martial yell,
Gath'ring the clans frae hill an' dale,
They will be heard to bum an' skirl
Amang the woods o' the new warl',
An' answer wi' drawn sword nae mair
For them wha did expel us here.

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EPISTLE TO W. M.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

Robin Burns in monie a dittie,
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;
Sweet's his sang,—the mair the pity
That e'er on it he wared sic lays.

M'Neil.

As you desired me Willie M—ss—n,
I've sent you here an essay on
Dram drinkin', whilk does steal our reason
When ta'en to excess;
An' op'rates on us as slow poison,
An' shortens our days.
O Willie man whan we are young
An' healthy i' our prime, an' strong,
An' social company an' a sang
Is our delight;
Ookly we'll join the jovial thrang
Unhurt a' night.

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As years draw on our strength decays,
Th' effect o' drink upon us preys,
The horrors och an' head-aches seize
Us the neist day,
An' to the cause o' our disease
For cure we fly.
This beastly habit grows so strong,
Although we ken we're acting wrong,
By it we are impell'd along,
An' a' the train
O' ither vices in a throng
Attend that ane.
An' downright debauchees we turn,
An' frien's to aid an' own us spurn,
An' grow queer spectacles o' scorn,
An' ghastly lookin',
Grey hair'd ere auld, to skeleton's worn
I' the palsy shakin'.
Besides to bully, blaw, an' blaspheme,
An' waste our means an' murder time,
An' hurt our persons, monie a crime
We'll perpetrate,
In soberness the thought o' them
We'd shudder at.
An' mony a thing we're apt to say,
An' mak' our friend our mortal fae,
An' mony an' evil action dee
Whan we are fu',
When fresh upon reflection we
Have cause to rue.

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How aften after a hearty bouse
Whan sunk's the city in repose,
Past midnight frae the public house
The swillin' corps
Will sallie an' set to the stews
To ha'e a splore.
Some there ha'e gotten their pouches picket,
Their sillar an' their watches nickit,
An' some diseases ha'e contrackit,
I winna name,
An' shortly ha'e the bucket kicket
Wi' burnin' shame,
Or objects liv'd; an' some in brawls
Hae gotten bleedy an' broken skulls,
Or haul'd awa' into black holes;
An' monie ane hath
In raisin' and in reddin' squals
Met wi' their death.
The love o' liquor, man, o'er weel
Leads mony to limbo an' compel
To loup the country an' exile
Themsel's o'er seas,
Wha cou'd ha'e bask'd in fortune's smile
At hame at ease.
Behint a counter wi' a quill
Ahint their lug stuck, an' in style
Hae strutted, groun' maun trench, an' fell
American trees,
Or sable backs o' negro's peel
I' the Carrabees.

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An' Agriculturists to the pot
Hae gane; an' Artisans hae got
Their shops shut an' their tools turn'd out
To th' highest bidder,
An' don'd again the journeyman coat,
An' toil'd to anither.
An' mony an opulent man I ween,
An ill intent knave to befrien',
Ha'e by a single dash o' the pen
When they were tipsy,
To ruin on a sudden been
Brought an bankruptcy.
An' O! what swarms in our sphere even,
As countless as the stars o' heaven,
When reason frae her seat is driven
By liquor's fumes,
Leave frien's an' families for them grievin'
An' native homes,
An' to be sogers do tak on,
To carry the knapsack an' the gun,
An' for a shillin' a day to stan'
'Fore bomb an' ball,
An' mony a far an' foreign lan'
Traverse an' thole.
A kin' o' hardships I can name,
Besides to lose an arm or limb,
Laid on the yird low, wi' their wame
Turn'd to the meen,
An' by fell plundering carlins grim,
Strip'd to the skin,

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Wha wi' a moggan an' a stane
Knock out their brains, if ony sign
O' animation should remain
l' the poor wretches,
Unshrouded an' unco'fin'd, syne
Flung into ditches.
Drink has extinguish'd oft the fire
Of rising brilliant genius rare,
Wha for relief frae trouble an' care
Unto it fled,
An' prematurely in their last lair
Ha'e lowly laid.
A baneful remedy—the bowl
'S a honey drop in a draught o' gall,
As are life's joys, upo' the whole,
Tho' to the skies
We're buoyant made, as low we fall,
Into th' abyss.
You'll aften see a drunken jeet
Unable amaist to baud his feet,
Reelin' frae side to side o' the street,
Thro' peels an' gutters,
Wi' riven breeks an' thread-bare queyt
Hangin' in tatters,
An' red as ony aisle his nose,
Bedaub'd wi' snuff, wi's hat o'er's brows,
Sair suddled sark neck, an' napkin loose,
An's breast a' bare,
An' foul his face, an' like a Jew's
Cover'd wi' hair.

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An' aye himsel' he'll try to steady,
To see'm s' ill shaken up an' duddy,
He looks just like a tattie boodie,
The craws to scare,
His een like ane's new frae the widdie,
Stan' out an' stare.
He'll tak the road awee, an' rin,
An' on a sudden stop an stan',
An' shak an hiccup, an' eye the groun',
Like ane in study,
An' heedless there unbutton an' strone
O' ony body,
An' glower to th' elements, an' grane,
An' tak the gate wi' bir again,
An' stagger on thro' thick an' thin,
An' should he fa,
The boys a' wha 're in his train
Will loud huzza.
Some neighbours come an' carry him hame
To his ill used an' angry dame,
An' noisy weans, wi' hungry wame,
Makin' a din,
While he will rage, an' rugg, an' faem
At his best frien'.
An' whan to's hallan he's haul'd in,
'S a tiger in a toil new tane,
He'll struggle to get out again,
An' threaten their soul
Wi' horrid oaths to hell to sen'
Wha'll him controul.

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Gin's wife's a scauld his hame's a hell,
As can his neighbours truly tell;
Aye when he thus does to her reel,
She'll rage an' storm,
An' in his luggs her lang tongue will
Ring like a 'larum.
Sic jades, sic jeets, will put red-wud,
Wha'll beat them, an' whiles shed their blood,
Wha by the neck hae gotten a showd,
For't in a rape,
An' by glegg gullies their guts plough'd
Up like a sheep.
If prudent, she will counterfeit
Good humour, tho' she's like to greet,
An' clap an' coax him to be quiet,
Tho' till hersel
Wi' stiffled sorrow, her hard fate,
Peer thing! bewail.
An' I ha'e seen a weirdless wight,
Hame frae the alehouse come at night,
An' feugh his cuttie, an' light, an' light,
An' slaver an' spit,
Wi' his ain shadow aweers to fight,
An' blether styte,
An' blaw, an' smack, an' sook, an' pech,
His wife would silent sit an' sigh,
To see'm—he'd burn his fingers—feech,
An' stamp an' swear,
An' brak his pipe, his brats abeigh
Eye him wi' fear.

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O what an ill example's this
A parent to a family gi'es :
Nae won'er tho' it mak' them miss
The way, I ween,
That leads to everlasting bliss !
O heavy sin !
Tho' drunken sots o' men are ill,
Yet drunken wives are waur : they'll sell
Their very duds o' claes an' meal
Out o' the kist,
An' winna stick to wh—re an' steal
To sloke their thirst.
I've seen them tumblin i' the lair
On braid day-light wi' buttocks bare,
An' mobs about them, an' their hair
Amang their een,
Mumlin like helpless weans there,
Bumbaz'd an' blin'.
Notorious drinkers to their head
Ha'e hauden an' rosten themsel's to dead,
Or ha'e been found smored i' their bed—
Most shockin state—
Or gane stark starin' mad, 'tis said,
An' damin' diet !
O' a' the ills that do accrue
Frae the effects o' gettin' fu',
Wou'd be a tedious task unto
A sage divine ;
So I have only given you
A brief outline.

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Expecting this imperfect sketch
Will be sufficient man, to teach
You to avoid the whirlpool which
Does swallow up all
Wha unwar'ly come within its reach,
Baith body an' soul!
I've sworn to gi'e debauch'ry o'er,
Tho' I can liquor get galore
For haudin' the table in a roar,
Recitin' rhymes,
An' woo in ilka leisure hour
Parnassian dames;
Or crack wi' a congenial friend,
Wi' wham I'd wish awhile to spend.
This rational course ye will commend
Me to pursue.
Indeed I ha'e begun to mend,
And high time too;
For I am in the yellow leaf,
As Byron says, an' I in brief
Reflect upon it now wi' grief.
How ill prepared
I am 'gainst coming auld age stiff,
Wha's to be fear'd.
To us 'tis then a waefu' warle
Whan want accompanies the carle,
An' hardly ae foot able to haurle
Ahin' anither,
Till wrinkles mark's, an' our hair marle,
Wi' ne'er consider.

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But still at times I maun allow,
My rules abruptly I brak' thro',
When sic a social chiel' as you
I chance to meet,
On sic a happy interview
Our wizzens maun weet.
An' I expect to see you soon,
Before anither uke has flown,
I do inten' to be in town
A day or two,
About the publishing o' yon
New wark.*—Adieu.

* King Robert Bruce, or the Battle of Bannockburn, an historical play in five acts, which the author intended to have published instead of this collection.

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A LETTER OF THANKS

TO T., B***D, WHO GAVE THE AUTHOR A NEW BELLOWS.

O B***D, thou art the best o' fellows,
Wha'st gien the Bard a braw new bellows
When he thy debtor was afore!—
He'll mind it till his dien' hour.
Sic friendship, Sir, is rare to fin'
Amang the selfish sons o' men;
For, when a man, by fortune's frown,
(God pity him) down life's hill is ga'en,
Against him ilk ane's heart do-turn,
An' in his hip they ha'e their horn,
An' push him headlong to the foot,
Wi' the brutality o' nowt.

My bellows, now, though well she blaws,
To me's o' little use, alas!
Since licensed stills were set a-goin',
The little trade I had's to ruin;
Save jobbin', I have scarce a jot,
An' nae a half enough o' that;
I'll gi'e my aith I canna mak
Aboon a half-a-crown a uke.
Sic trade, ye ken, will never do,
E' anither course I maun pursue.

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As poor aul' Norval life sustain'd
By takin' trouts, when he was twin'd
O' a's live stock—a trade, in short,
Anes in a day his only sport—
S' early attach'd unto the muses,
Unto the fam'd hill o' Parnassus,
I monie time made an excursion,
Just wholly for my ain diversion;
But ill advice at first, an' neist
By gripin' penury oppreast,
I on the public made intrusions
Wi' my rude juvenal effusions;
Therefore my fate in print ance mair
I'll try, lat critics scoff an' sneer,
An' dub me dunce; them I despise,
They're but a swarm o' dunghill flies
That fasten only on our sores;
If I get clink to fill the purse,
I'm right, as that is what I want,
For fame, I ken, I needna pant,
Sic swarms o' great men, now-a-days,
Issuing frae Universities,
Unto her temple eager press,
Whilk looks like a besieged place,
An' their petitions they prefer,
Importunate to the goddess there
For entrance, yet hardly ane
O' a hun'er can admittance fin';
So I despair that e'er a bough
My brows, Sir, will adorn.—Adieu.

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STANZAS

ON A DRUNKEN TINKLER.

FAR i' the north o' Albion's isle,
A son o' Belial does dwell,
Wha duly ilka day does swill
Till he does spout
Ilk night, at his bed side, a peel,
The fu'some brute.
An' aften beats his rib to boot,
Wha murder monie a time sings out,
An' he does buller like a nowt,
An' swear an' curse,
An' for a razor, his ain throat
To cut, he roars.
He was a brazier anes, 'tis said,
An' tellt the gauger whan he made
A still, at times, to get mair trade,
A villainous scheme,
Wha Highland bodies aft waylaid
When carryin't hame,

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An' seiz't; an' I dare say its true,
For he's arch a knave, I know,
On high as ever on a tow
Swing'd in a widdie,
Nor would I be surpris'd although
He spoil'd some Friday.
Gin hangie ha'ena the hap to tie
Aroun' his neck the halter, I
Am sore afraid aul' hornie 'll ha'e
Him at the last,
An' in his lowin' ingle aye
The rascal roast.

As I hae read the lines atween
In this arraignment maybe seen
Auld Brookie spittin' oot his spleen
Wi' envy sway'd
Because the tinkler's maybe been
Upsettin trade!

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EULOGY

ON THE LATE REVEREND DOCTOR KEITH.

Ah! shall the soul of venerable Keith
Forsake this mortal scene, and mingle with
The saints on high unsung; he was a man
Who so transcendant in his station shone,
That he appear'd the Pleiades of the north.
But since that luminary's left our earth,
Society's sustain'd a loss I fear
That a long lapse of time will not repair;
His parts in contact brought him with the great,
And was of em'nent use to church an' state.
Tho' peers were his companions, yet no pride
Within his breast dar'd ever to reside,
But to the meanest of the human race
Was always kind and easy of access;
And with a father's fondness lov'd his flock,
When any of them were stretch'd on trouble's rack,
Even at the silent hour of night he'd hie,
Heedless the howling storm obscur'd the sky,

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To visit them, if indigent they were;
What tem'ral thing he thought they did repuire,
He with a liberal hand to them would dole,
As well as consolation to the soul.
  And those who labour'd under any cross
Who sought his aid, his influence he'd use,
And any toil or travel take on him,
With willing heart in extricating them,
And if he fail'd, they tell, in his intent,
He felt more pain than even the applicant.
  Athletic was his frame, which to the end
Of his long race he unimpair'd retain'd,
And love of science, and vig'rous powers of mind.
  The pulpit he with liveliness adorn'd,
A man of piety profoundly learn'd;
His enegetic oratorical art
Always electrify'd the human heart;
And at the social board his ample fund
Of humour aye enliven'd all around.

Now all in vain may Times sharp-pointed teeth
Attack the fame of "Rev. Dr. Keith!"

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STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF J. P., WRITING-MASTER IN ABERDEEN.

O DEATH! in thy destructive awful range,
  Alas! thou hast annihilated one
Whose early loss has made the muse to change
  Her voice, attuned to martial strains, to mourn
In lays elegiac, and to bestow
  A tear of tribute to's departed shade,
To whom I by affection's impulse owe,
  And intimacy long to him allied;

And mutual friendship likewise, to the last
  Unsullied, that subsisted till his soul
Did wing his way beyond the starry host,
  That stud, like golden gems, the glowing pole.
A youth he was unknown to any vice,
  Envy itself is even obliged to own,
That darts on merit its malignant eyes,
  By whom the road's infested to renown;

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Which was a wonder, when too oft 'tis seen,
  In this backsliding and abandon'd age,
That youth to giddy folly yields the rein,
  And incorrigible licentious rage;
And those in general with genius gifted,
  Ride the rough tide at random, by the gust
Of furious frenzy's breath along are drifted,
  And in the eddy of intemperance lost.

Good Heavens! It's awful how this Anderson
When once he makes commence-
ment wanders on!

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ADDRESS

OF CONGRATULATION TO HIS MAJESTY

GEORGE IV.

ON THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND—AUGUST 1822.

All hail Royal stranger! vouchsafe to attend
  To the lay of a loyal illiterate bard,
Who exultingly has the grand jubilee join'd,
  In welcoming now his illustrious liege lord,
    To the land of the lake, lofty hill, and ravine,
    Rill, river, and forest—moor, valley, and glen.

Inviron'd with ramparts of rocks, that repel
  The turbulent ocean that circles its shores;
Whose rough rolling surges incessant assail,
  In deaf'ning uproar those impregnable immures;
    Though wild and romantic, its mountains appear
    Like clusters of azure clouds hung high in air.

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When view'd at a distance, but down in the glens,
And wide winding dales that divide them are seen
The picture of ancient Areadian scenes,
In their happiest aera existing I ween;
And rural industry, the rough steril soil,
Compels, in the gayest profusion to smile.

In similar grandeur, round its rugged coast,
See populous cities, and towns, that arise,
Where fanes, midst the clouds, their tall spires proudly thrust,
And large lofty domes lift their heads to the skies;
And busy commerce, daily sounds like the hum
Of hives in the sunshine of summer's sweet bloom.

These scenes, arts and sciences adorn'd her, since
The illustrious House of Brunswick ascended
The throne of these Isles, and they plainly evince
Advancement to eminence under your splendid
Augustan protection, as thou art possess'd
Of a mind of munificence, talents and taste.

These noble endowments (so rare) in the sire
That centered, do show thou art worthy to reign
O'er the people of this mighty envied empire,
Whose strong naval arm Atlas-like does sustain
Th' equilibrium of all th' European Powers,
And Ocean o'erawes to his uttermost shores.

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And long, Sovereign Sire, may the sceptre you sway
O'er a free and a happy affectionate race
Of subjects, and likewise hence may they enjoy
Prosperity's well, as the peace they possess,
And Scotland again have the honour to hail
Your Majesty's presence in Holyrood pile,

The seat of your royal ancestors of yore,
Whose walls with high revelry wont to resound,
Where Silence for cent'ries has sat, musing o'er
The wakes they have witness'd, in sorrow profound;
And I, Sire, and every true Scot have been griev'd
At those faded glories which thou hast reviv'd.

O Smith, - oh, Smith! why did
you leave your forge
To sink your manhood
in the Royal George!

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ADDRESS

OF CONGRATULATION TO JAMES, EARL OF FIFE, ON THE SUCCESSFUL ISSUE OF HIS LATE PROCESS.

All hail to Fife's illustrion Thane,
Thou brave an' o' benevolent min',
In courts an' crowds alike wha shine
A dazzling star,
Thy prince's favourite an' a frien'
Unto the poor;
An' like the worthy man o' Ross,
Immortalized by the muse
O' England's Horace; thy heart glows
Wi' lusture grand,
An' round you charities diffuse
Wi' lavish hand.
The rustic muse congrat'lates thee
Upon thy recent victory,
An event which was hail'd wi' joy
By th' hale empire,
That you may still shine in your high
An' splendid sphere

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As does become thy rank an' birth,
The glory o' thy native north,
An' thy pure philanthrophic worth
Display as erst
As, with redoubled brilliance, forth
Bright Sol does burst
After a heavy shower in June,
When clouds that veil'd the horizon
An' hid his heav'nly orb, are gone,
An' clear the sky,
An' th' aerial choir each other drown
Wi' songs o' joy.
While the protracted plea was pending,
That seemed ne'er to ha'e an ending,
To gen'rous hearts like thine, how rending!
Your enemies,
Wi' rancour mean, their aid were lending
To law's delays,
Which we with wo-struck wonder view'd,
But you serenely, unsubdued,
The struggle an' their insults stood,
Unto the end,
Which show'd a manly fortitude
An' noble mind.
Your radient course lang may you run,
An' eke enjoy the wealth you've won,
An' in a cloudless sky go down
Aged an' hoary,
An' for your coronet a crown
Receive o' glory.

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EPISTLE

TO A DUN, WHO THREATENED THE AUTHOR WITH IMPRISONMENT.

MAN! me wi' jails ye canna fley;
Like a sheep cote, or aul' swine stye,
My dwallin' is a rickle o' dry
Undreat stane wa's,
An' like aul' dykes, ilk stormy day,
Drift thro' them blaws,
An' thro' the breem-thack'd reef, in troth,
The rain show'rs like a water bath,
An' sunk se like the sides it hath
O' ony ship,
Bulg'd the partition wa' o' lath
Whare I do sleep.
Fouk, comin' in an' out, aft tell me
That it will fa', some night, an' fell me,
Some mornin', soon, they'll hae to sheell me
Out o' the ruins;
Therefore, to apprehend and' jail me,
I gi'e ye 'llowance.

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Immur'd in prison wa's, I'll fare,
Ne doubt, as weel as I do here;
An' hark—at your expense;—an' these
I will be dry;
An' I will warrant, man, ye'll tire
As soon as I.
I'll likewise get read, rhym'd, and written,
Nor be by smell o' sulphur smitten,
That sets me aften hostin, spittin',
An' like to spue;
Frae visitors to get a wettin'
Whiles to my mou'.
An I am ne the only poet,
Tho' I shou'd hae the hap to be't,
That ha'e been Tow'beeth'd, man, for debt;
Even bards who were
Their country's glory, shared that fate,
An' some diet there.
An' 'tis the common lot o' them
To live in pen'nie a' their time,
In apprehension o' the same,
In attic storeys,
When gone, that i' th' temple o' fame
They may shine glorious.
Our trade, apparently, is cursit—
The father o' us a' was forc't
To beg his bread—he Greece traver's't
A ballad-singer,
At fortune's moods, the very worst,
Why need I anger?

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THE FARMER'S SUNDAY.

A POEM.

In August, when the rustling corn,
  To yellow wax began,
Upon a bony Sunday morn,
  About the risin' sun,
I raise, an' busk'd me i' my best;
  As wi' a great guid man,
Whom I at an Inrury tryste
  Had set at his ain town
    To see that day,

An' gang unto the kirk wi' him,
  An' see his queentra queans,
An' my opinion pass on them
  When they were i' their pains.
He in a neighbourin' paris' won'd
  A few Scots miles awa',
The nearest way, wi' staff in hand,
  O'er hills, unto his ha'
    I set that day.

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I reach'd it e'er his fouk was burst
  To gang unto the kirk;
An' stalk'd into the kitchen first,
  Where a' in't were at wark;
The deems were peenin' on their duds,
  An' at their glasses cockin';
The herdies an' the ploughmen lads
  Aroun' the fire were smokin'
                Their pipes that day.

Lizie frae 'mang her lint white hair,
  Was pickin' out the papers,
An' Will ahin' her i' the fleer,
  Was stanin' cutin' capers
An' bleth'ren buff an' blawin's pipe;
  An' whiles he did approach her,
She wou'd upbraid him for a gyp,
  An' tell him ne to touch her
                Ava that day.

An' when her ruffle was roun' her neck,
  Her hair a' braided fine,
She in the glass did proudly geck,
  An' thought hersel' divine;
An' turn'd her roun' to sha hersel',
  An o'er her shouther syne
To see her back, keeks wi' a smile
  Into the glass again,
                Well pleas'd that day.

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She o'er her shouther throws her shawl,
An' on her bonnet ties,
An' set an' fichert at her frull,
An' still the glass she eyes,
As self-delighted as a dew,
An' makin' mou's the while.
"Heth, Lizie, ye're in order now,
I'se warn ye think," cried Will
Aloud that day.

Meg neist did occupy the glass,
An' look'd as vain as Bett,
An' decket down her hair fu nice,
An' set her curls o' jet.
Sawney wha by the fire till now,
Sat at his cuttie luntin,
Wi' pleasure did his Meggie view,
In a her fin'ry mountin'
Hersel' that day.

The gabby herd, and haveles Jock
Whiles tirl'd at their watch chain;
Whiles roun' them gae a vacant look,
Whiles eyed their glancin' sheen;
An' rude remarks at times they made,
An' gap'd an' gauntet whiles;
An' wi' their hands aboon their head
They raise an' rax'd themsel's,
An' grain'd that day.

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Now I step'd ben to the horne en',
  To see the great gude-man,
Wha raise an' welcom'd me fu' kin',
  An' shook me by the han',
An' o'er a jug o' ale jocose,
  Sat down an' took our crack;
An' he speer'd a' the country news,
  An' how the crap did look
    Wi' us that day?

An' when his sonsie spouse put on
  Her cloak an' bonnet braw,
So her and I, an' the good-man,
  To kirk did set awa';
An' crowds o' fouk at the kirk-stile,
  In boorachs, were conversin'
On beasts, an' bargains, ere the bell
  Rang, when appear'd the parson
    To preach that day.

Syne in they ran's to see a show—
  A hideous din they made;
Some trip't each others' heels, I trow,
  An' over seats they rade;
An' roun' an' roun' on ither there,
  They gapet an' they gowpet,
Until mess John, wi' solemn air,
  In sable speel'd the pu'pit,
    Fu' grave that day.

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An' when to preachin' he began,
Those wha thought themsel's scholars,
Wi' folded arms an' surly frown,
An' chins set in their collars,
To mark him when he shou'd gang wrang,
An' wi' stern looks deride him;
An' hypocrites, wi' faces lang
An' mou's wide open, eyed him
Fu' droll that day.

An' some their heads, laid on their looff,
On their seat breast, an' sleepit;
An' monie ane, by takin' snuff,
Just half awake were keepit;
Ilk auld wife graned an' shook her head,
An' grip'd it wi' her han':
The lasses look'd what ither had
Roun' them o' braw clouts on
O' claise that day.

An' empty gallivastar feels
Sat gazin' at the lasses,
An' eke maneuv'rin' wi' their mills
An' stroakin' at their faces,
An' stiff sark-necks up to their ears,
An' hair aft were adjustin'
T' attract the fair, the lov'ly dears
Afore them they were castin'
Their airs that day.

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Mess John, wi's e'e on's paper fix't,
  Whilk seem'd baith aul' an' tattert,
An' nae's ain wark, expounded's text,
  At his ain ease he clattert;
An' whiles to this side, whiles to that,
  A transient glance he cast,
An' spak' a word or twa by rote,
  An' held his finger fast
    On's part that day.

He look'd his watch, syne some leaves slip'd,
  As loth to haud them lang;
An' the conclusion slyly skip'd,
  O's moral caul' harangue;
An' unexpectedly his tone
  He low'rd at once, an' bless'd
The word, just like a dien man,
  An' en't abrupt, an' closed
    The buik that day.

The queerest scene it happen't now
  'Tween th' off'rin' an' the blessin'—
Mess John announced a meetin' o'
  The members o' the session;
The gillies grin'd an' glowr'd around,
  An' gar'd the lasses blush;
Wham temperately it did astound—
  Rememberin' they but flesh
    Were ony day.

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The blessin' said, they hurry'd out
  Like school-boys to their play;
An' big'd, like castin' bees, about
  The bellman wi' a scrie;
Syne hame they set their several ways
  Unto their coggs o' brose,
The hinds did wi' the hizzies hoise,
  An' a' the country news
                Recount that day.

The queans did cheery scour alang,
  An' chaunt up to the fellows;
Wha sten'd, an' over pools did spang
  An' flourish their umbrellas.
The farmers, twa's an' three's ahin',
  Stap't on, an' crack'd o' farmin'—
How markets ruled, what grain was gi'en;
  But nae word o' the sermon
                Had they that day.

Now hame we gaed; an' the good-man
  A neighbour farmer brought
To get his brose an' see his town,
  An' beasts he'd lately bought;
An' those he did inten' to sell
  At the ensuin' fair,
As he o' cattle had good skill,
  An' fain his min' would hear
                On them that day.

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Whan we sat down to dinner syne,
  Good-man bye 's bonnet laid,
Hung down his head, an' steekit's e'en,
  An' laigh the grace he said;
Syne bade us say awa' an' sup;
  Wi' that, wi's ram horn-spoon,
He in the dish did deeply dip,
  An' clawt it whan't was done,
    Fu' clean that day.

Syne chappet kail an' yirn't milk cam',
  An' then a kebuck blue;
To crown the whole, we got a dram
  O' the clear mountain dew,
Whilk does inspire the bard to write,
  The bashfu' lad to woo,
The dumb to speak, the coward to fight
  Wi' courage stout an' true
    By night or day.

An' when the carls had pick'd their teeth,
  An' were wi' riftin' dane,
They forth to view the town went baith,
  I to the kitchen ben
To tak' a smoke; an' there the chiels
  Bawdry an' buff did blether,
An' garin' their pipes gang like kills,
  Whilk rais'd a horrid euther
    O' reek that day.

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The deems (their braws had by them laid)
Were washin' at their dishes,
The gawpies whiles they did upbraid,
An' whiles assumed feign'd blushes,
An' whiles they look'd about an' leugh,
An' seem'd to like to hear it,
Until the boors, o' this rude rough
Discourse, I ween, were wearied
Themsel's that day.

To neighbour towns they hied, to hear
The news, an' a 'salm tune
Roar o'er, an' see the lasses there,
An' pass the afternoon.
The lasses, left them lane, began
To won'er gin the lad
Wad marry her he'd casten down,
Wha in the session had
Appear'd that day.

An' eke those wha at kirk had on
A new gown, shawl, or bonnet,
They did discourse, an' every one
Had her remarks upon it,
Wha had the marrow o't, an' wha
Did mak it, an' how't set them;
What braw an' bonny lads they saw,
An' o' gin they cou'd get them,
Wist sair that day.

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Their clishmaclaver neist did turn
  On the bridegroom an' bride
Wha't kirk had been cried on that morn,
  An' up at them they redd;
Ane won'ert sick a lad as him
  Wou'd marry sic a lass;
Anither marvel'd sic a deem
  Wou'd moggans mix wi' his,
    In ony day.

A cottar carlin slippet in,
  Wi' wrinkled barmy brow,
A lang tongue an' a boistrous brain,
  An' hair about her mou',
An' the poor hapless hizzie, who
  That day was i' the session,
Her mou' she like a buckie threw,
  An' made a rude oration
    On her that day.

She shook her head an' grip'd her sides,
  An' lingo'd lang an' loud,
An' quite confounded the young jades,
  Wha like stane statues stood:
"A lass wi' a littlin was sae rare,"
  Quoth she, an' gae a grane;
"In a' the parish in seven year
  Ye wou'd na heard o' ane
    I' my young day,

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An' ony wha had a geet ne'er could
  Haud up their heads again;
They even were shunn'd on the kirk road,
  An' aye held in disdain.
But fornication's sin, waes me!
  Is now become so common,
Limmers will look as high wha hae
  Twa three's a decent 'oman
                Now ony day;

An' are as well uphauden, an'
  Respecket, too, foul fa' them!
Whilk is a scandal an' a sin,
  Vile jades! that I sou'd ca' them!
Wha are a shame 'n affront unto
  A' 'oman kin', but Satan
Se blin's fouk, that ha'in bastards now
  Is monie times nae mote in
                Their marriage-day.

Indeed, the warle is at a height
  Wi' folly an' vice—oh shon!
Ne won'er tho' a judgment light
  Upo' this sinfu' lan',
For wi' ill ways o' doin' an dress,
  Fouk's so notorious grown;
Were not some pillars in't, alas!
  The warle wou'd na stan',
                I wat, a day.

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O! were they, as in days o' aul',
  Th' abominable randies
An' loons! gart on the cutty-stool
  Sit three successive Sundays,
An' foul adulterers, in white sheets,
  An' public penance dree,
Syne we would see ill-gotten geets
  As rare's they used to be
                Anes in a day.

It is an aul' sayin' an' a true—
  'Woo sellers woo buyers ken'—
So fallows ken light queans; but O!
  Guid faith! gin ony ane
Had offer'd an uncivil han'
  On me yaul'd to ha'e laid,
I would hae clo'en them; but nae man
  The assurance ever had
                By night nor day."

'Mid this harangue some hinds came in
  Frae neebour towns, hallooin',
Whase sight did mak' the hizzies fain,
  In their odd way o' wooin'
They wound their arms around their neck,
  An' took them by the wame,
Whilk gart the queans like maukins skreek,
  An' Grizzy gloomin hame
                Gang fast that day.

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The twa goodmen frae viewin' the crap
An' kine, came in to tea,
An' the goodwife, to get a sup,
Came ben an' ca't on me.
I left the hinds and hizzies a'
At haveless hame-o'er clatter,
And laughter loud, and hitch'd awa
To th' horne-end, my het water
To get that day.

There I was deaved a' afternoon
Wi' orra hame-o'er blether
By these twa carls, about their groun',
Their cattle, corn, and fother.
I'the evenin', when I left the town,
In cart-sheds an' stack mou's,
Hizzies an' chiels, in pairs, did stan',
Wha were the country's news
Some ither day.

Of all the "poetry" of his
This best his skill attests
And not so much for what it is
As for what it suggests.
Some ither bard wi' greater airt
Micht tall in hand the theme
And to the corp sic life impairt
As gain the warl's esteem
Some ither day.

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THE FIVE CARLINS,

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

FIVE carlins ance a scheme fell on,
So sang the Bard o' Ayr,
To sen' a lad to Lon'on town,
To do their erran's there.

Nae only do their erran's there,
But bring them tidings hame,
An' strive wi' a' their wit an' lear
Aye for the guid o' them.

An' some o' them his bardship says,
An' I believe it well,
Had men o' high degree to please,
An' some wou'd please themsel'.

An' five into the north countrie,
Aul' warle wives I ween,
Are now begun to mak' a plea
About wham they will sen'.

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Twa chiel's that erran' fain wou'd ga'e,
But whither 't is the weal
O' Britain that at heart they ha'e,
Or no, they ken themsel'.

The taen 's a wealthy country squire,
Famed for a mortal fae
Unto the muirfowl an' the hare,
An' eke todlowrie slee.

The tother was a soger bred,
O' courage stout an' true,
An' on the gory field aft tried
Against our Gallic foe,

Wha aim'd the universe to awe,
An' empires overthrew;
From Gibraltar to Moscow
His bloody eagles flew.

Prim Marrat* first began the plea,
Wha deals in grocery ware,
Whare Div'ron rins into the sea;
An' she an aith did swear,

That she her vote to nane would gi'e
But to the soger lad,
Cause to his brither bound was she
In terms o' gratitude.

* Banff.

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Baul' Bess, * wha by the bass does dwell
  Whare Don an' Ury join,
An' sells a dram an' pint o' yill,
  Seconded Meg her frien'.

Aul' Madge, † wha on the banks o' Don
  Rins an illicit drap,
Peer body, when she thinks she can,
  Raise hirplin' hoollie up.

An' o'er her staff twa-faul' she lean'd,
  In rough grey hoddin' clad,
An' held out her aul' wither'd hand,
  An' sigh'd an' shook her head.

The rheum rain'd frae her dim e'en,
  An' dowie thus spak' she,
"I ha'e nae vote, my bairns, ye ken,
  To ony ane to gi'e.

"For wha K—— is pleased to sen'
  Unto the meikle town,
His Lordly will it maun be mine—
  I ken the Laird 's his man."

Nanse ‡ neist wha wons aside the sea,
  Array'd in rural weed,
Wi' visage wan an' rueful' e'e,
  Raise up an' thus reply'd:

* Inverury. † Kintore. ‡ Cullen.

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An' I'm ty'd down, like peer aul' Madge,
By S..f.ld too, I wot;
An' sae the peer will me oblige
To gi'e the Laird my vote.

Aul' lyart * Jess, on Lossie side,
Rejoicing loud, gat up,
Because the castin' vote she had,
An' clap't her hans an' lap.

In spite o' a' the Gr—ts, she says,
An' swears she'll work her will;
But whilk will be the carlin's choice
There's nane as yet can tell.

Ae Lord tries sair her heart to win,
Wi' rings an' ribbons rare;
Anither, wi' his highlan' clan,
In arms to terrify her.

* Elgin.

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HUMBLE ADDRESS TO LORD COCHRANE,

IMPLORING HIM TO ASSIST THE SUFFERING GREEKS.

SHALL Musselmen thus mar and wound
Greece, hapless, classic, lovely land,
And Europe's kings spectators stand,
And will not stir
In her behalf, th' apostate band!
To interfere?
'Tis crafty politics which fetters
Them thus, their Christian fellow creatures
From aiding, to whose sires we're debtors
For all that's great
In science, arts, or arms, or letters.
Tho' desperate
The glorious cause of Greece has grown,
Thermopylæ and Marathon,
Where Persia's arm'd hoards were o'erthrown
With turban'd foes,
Revolting sight! resemble down
Upon the moss,

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Or daisies white in summer days,
That grow upon the grassy leas,
The "gorgeous east" against her is
In arms array'd,
Which she's unable to repress
Alone, indeed.
Foes ruthless as the fiends of hell,
Or Mohocks with their scalping steel,
And discord, too, that demon fell,
Enerves her powers,
And hostile ships, a thousand sail,
Infest her shores,
Disgorging oft on her fam'd soil
Their hordes, who Alla! howl and yell,
To death and ruin's they rush to deal,
Their captives they
To slav'ry sell, burn and impale
Alive, and flay!
Can any enlighten'd Briton bear
Of such atrocities to hear
In that land perpetrated, where
Arose the most
Illustrious geniuses that e'er
The world produced,
As Hesiod and Homer's strains,
An' 'ts artists' works, *et cetera*, evince;
Athen's domes, tho' shaking to ruins
By th' hand of time,
Tourists incessantly throng thence
To gape on them.

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The mould'ring structures grand, say they,
And mangled statues to survey,
And columns prostrate, amply pay
Their cost in crossing
The Euxine or the Ionian Sea—
Scenes sure imposing!
O Cochrane! thou brave vet'ran tar,
Tremendous thunderbolt of war,
Who' with philanthr'py fraught, afar
O'er seas did speed,
And leagued wi' immortal Bolivar,
Colombia freed!
From frantic Ferdinand's fell gripe,
Unfurl thy sails, launch out and sweep,
With streamers flying, thro' the deep,
And rouse and make
Grim Vengeance, that seems lull'd asleep,
In thunder speak!
From the destructive deep-mouthed gun,
And th' Ottoman armaments comman',
To the dark caves of Ocean down,
To anchor there,
Or the Barbarians to the moon,
Blaw i' the air!
And o'er the crescent make the cross
Triumphant wave, and terminate those
Horrifying sufferings and woes
O'erwhelming Greece,
And her from savage bondage loose,
And give her peace—

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Her hands to Albion, red with gore,
She extends, imploring her succour;
And Heaven will bless thee ever more
And thy great name—
The vot'ries of freedom will adore,
To th' end of time!

"Horrors on Horrors head" so
gather here
Thank God the "Times"
of the Book is near.

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SONG.

When Edward the despot did Baliol dethrone,
  Caledonia's glory forever seem'd set,
And under oppression's iron rod she did groan,
  Brave Wallace's blood was inflamed at her fate,
And boiling with vengeance his broadsword he drew
  In 's dear native country's defence, undismayed
At danger or death, to the field forth he flew,
  Against the invaders alone to make head.

He roam'd 'mongst the mountains an outlaw'd exile,
  As free as the eagle, his enemies' dread,
And singly did hosts of a hundred assail,
  Who fell by his arm, or appal'd from him fled;
A bold patriot band, at the sound of his fame
  Their menacles doff'd, and don'd murrain and mail;
And dauntless in ire did the despot disclaim,
  An' hied to his aid the fell foe to expel;

And rallied around him, a band whose renown
  In the glorious annals of fame hence will shine
Illustrious, as long as the stars, sun, and moon,
  In the heavens shall burn, or illumine divine;
And Scotland their mem'ries will dearly revere:
  Their martial achievements for freedom and fame,
Her sons will with valourous virtue inspire,
  And their lines too with heroes and patriots teem.

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They terrible aye were to meet on the field,
  The tyrant intruders, by their brandish'd glaeves,
Like snow by the sun-beams dissolved or recoil'd,
  In wildest confusion, like wind driven waves.
With Bruce too they gleam'd in their patriot bands,
  Till Scotland from thraldom was utterly freed;
Inroll'd now among the celestial bands,
  They rest from their toils, with Michael at their head.

SONG.

When first our forefathers arrived in this isle,
They lived by the chace, as old chronicles tell,—
The dress that they wore was the garb of the Gael,
  Hey for the plaid and the bonnet;
  O for the kilt and short hose.
But this life of pastime they not long enjoy'd,
Rome's Eagles their wings over Albion spread,
Who a world overran, and a wilderness made.
  Hey, &c.
As ocean's brown billows incessant assail,
The bulwark of granite that girdle our isle,
For ages in vain they essay'd to prevail,
  Hey, &c.

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The Pictish cameleon insulted them sore,
By perfidy, often repeated, and war,
Whose nation and name they erazed evermore.
Hey, &c.
And back yond the southern border afar,
The bristled emboss'd Scandenavian boar
They chaced, who in England lang wallow'd in gore.
Hey, &c.
From Denmark and Norway they next were annoy'd
By clouds of fell harpies, their arrows they plied;
On pinions of gore they fell flutt'ring, or fled.
Hey, &c.
And lastly, proud England's presumptuous pard,
In quest of its prey, in their woods often dared,
Which hence they as oft to its own forest scared.
Hey, &c.
And e'er since the thistle's been join'd to the rose,
The sons of old Scotland, the universe knows,
Have aye been the terror of Albion's foes.
Hey, &c.
As the heights of Abraham and Aboukir's plains,
Barossa, Mount Video, and Mida, evince,
And the bloody fields, too, of Belle 'Lliance.
Hey for the plaid and the bonnet,
O for the kilt and short hose.

This Sang, his maiden, wi sic a fine Swing
It shows to a purpose his nik he could sling
And oh to hae heard Mr. Anderson sing
"Hey for ~~the~~ plaid & the bonnet
O for the kilt & short hose!"

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SONG.

At summer eve aften I wander alone
By the green blooming banks o' the clear winding Don,
Where Ury's sweet tribut'ry stream she receives,
That the foot o' the Bass in its course gently laves,
When the sun is gane down, an' the western sky
Wears, by his reflection, a red flaming dye,
An' the azure cloud's edges are ting'd wi' the same,
Whase forms are pourtray'd in each smooth glassy stream,
An' the mavis, the groves an' green woods amang,
Harmonious an' mild, sings her sweet evening sang;
To muse on the beauties o' nature so fair,
In its bloom, an' enjoy the fresh balmy air,
An' see my sweet lassie, blythe, barefoot, come by
Alane, linkin' hame frae the haugh wi' her kye,
Whase sight aye in secret wi' rapture I hail,
While the stoun's o' pure love thro' my bosom core thrill,
An' stownlins I tak o' her charms a survey,
For my courage aye fails when to speak to'r I try.
She's artless an' young, enter'd just in her teens,
The toss o' the village already she reigns;
An' never, O never! did nature complete
A profile more fine, or a figure more neat;
Dark brown are her ringlets, dark blue are her een,
That brilliantly beam in their orbits so keen,

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Their lashes resemble the down o' the raven,
Her lips like a cherry in twain that is cloven,
Her teeth are o' ivory, her arms, neck, an' bosom,
As fair as the lilly in May in its blossom,
Her cheeks red as rose-buds in June wet wi' dew,
An' kind is her heart, her voice mellow an' low,
Her gait it is graceful, an' modest her mein,
An' sprightly her turn, an' her temper serene,
An' sic a young lassie, so charming an' sweet,
I never maun hope ava ever to get;
An' since I am destin'd to utter despair,
I'll henceforth endeavour to smother the fire
That burns in my bosom, an' soon to my end
Would bring me, an' banish her out o' my mind.

SONG.

What beauties do adorn my dear,
An' hauds this heart o' mine in thrall;
Sweet as a syren's is her air,
Straight taper limbs, an' stature tall.

Wi' airy tread the mead she trips,
Like slaes are her sweet glancin' een,
An' coal-black hair, an' coral lips,
An' crimson cheeks, an' milk-white skin.

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By wimpling Ury aft I stray,
  On summer Sunday afternoons,
When busk'd's her banks in green so gay,
  An' spotted wi' white bonny gowans,

My Chloe in her walk to meet,
  An' while I see her ilka time,
A wandering there alone, I'll say't,
  She seems the Niad o' the stream.

An' when I see her at a ball,
  In a' her best, wi' lilly neck,
An' curlin' raven ringlets, all
  Light dangling on her rosy cheek,

She's flow'r aye o' the fair that's there,
  Tho some o' them are bonny an' braw,
An' her in secret I admire,
  An' sit as nane but her I saw.

O how delighted do I gaze
  Alang the floor to see her skim,
I' the mazy dance she moves wi' ease
  'S a cygnet swims in the smooth stream.

An' when I hear the enchantress sing,
  I see not, but I sit an' sigh,
An' my rapt soul on Cupid's wing
  In ecstacy is borne away.

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